

BRITANNIA

Sixpence

Edited & Published at Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

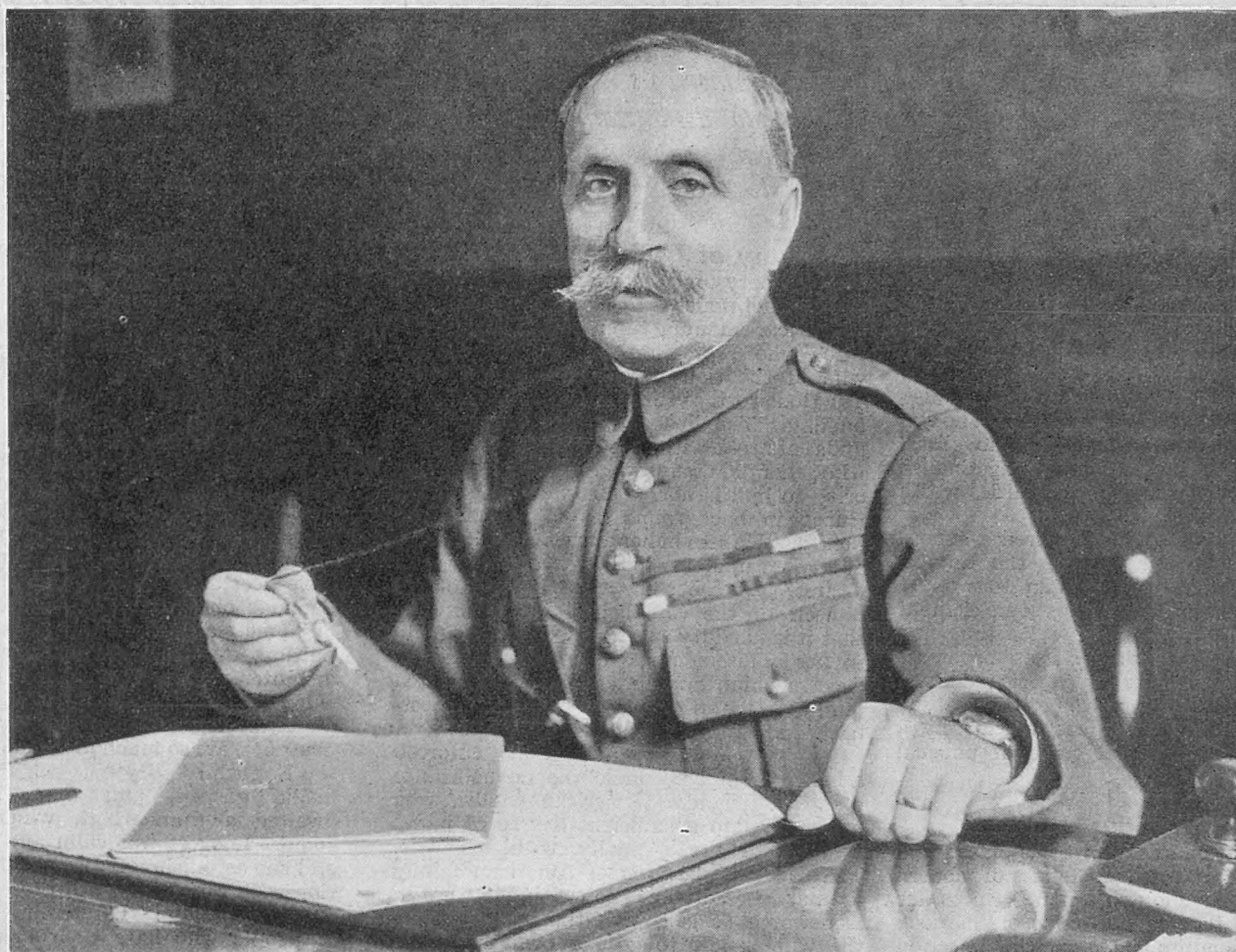
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper
& for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post

Postage: British Isles, Canada & Newfoundland
1½^d per copy: other places abroad 3^d

Vol. II

LONDON, MARCH 29, 1929.

No. 27



The First Soldier of France: The funeral of Marshal Foch took place in Paris on Tuesday. He was buried as a national hero near the tomb of Napoleon.

MARSHAL FOCH, "the first soldier of France," was the greatest general since Napoleon. The history now busy about his supreme achievements, coupling his name with others, will find at last the proper perspective, and in due time it will be recorded that, despite all other claims, Marshal Foch was the one man who won the war.

He was called to the Supreme Command of the Allied Forces late in the day mainly because no one had the intelligence to call him in before.

The one great event in a war of prolonged attrition was the conference at Doullens, when it was decided

to give the fate of the Allies into the hands of Marshal Foch. The incredible futilities of previous battles were forgotten in the face of a danger which, if it had not been averted, would have changed the history of the world.

The hour found the man in Marshal Foch. The only military mind in Europe that was inspired by the logic of open warfare and enforced by fervour was liberated to act freely without the interference of amateur strategists.

From the beginning Marshal Foch had the highest mental view of the war of any soldier engaged in it, a

fact which naturally barred his progress. His greatest gift was an uncanny knowledge of the mind of the enemy.

The great and crowning victory of 1918 was due more to this than to anything else. He defeated Ludendorff because he saw that general's mind in his exposed flank, but no one else could have seen it.

No battle is lost until it is won was Foch's motto.

By the strength and in the light of that belief he survived the pettiness of politicians, the early rancour of religionists, all the mean jealousies of life.

For list of Contents see opposite page.

Anglo-American Misunderstanding

*There is little doubt that "Babbitts"
of this country and America suffer
from an inferiority complex.*

*To the small-minded Englishman,
America's wealth is an affront; to
the small-minded American it is
monstrous that the English should
refuse to acknowledge America's
wealth as entitling her to assume a
proportionate cultural supremacy.*

By the

*Rt. Hon. the Earl
of Birkenhead,
G.C.S.I.*

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS'S rise to popular fame in England has its humorous side for those of us who remember the contemptuous reception by most English reviewers of his first important book, *Main Street*, half a dozen years ago. We were then told—when he was not wholly ignored—that he was merely an American "small-town novelist," and wonder was expressed that any English publisher should think his trivialities worth editing over here.

But *Main Street* sold in hundreds of thousands in the United States; the English reviewers, learning this, began to wonder whether there was not perhaps some element of importance in the book which they had overlooked. Then, when *Babbitt* began its record-breaking career in America and on the Continent of Europe, the critics realised at last that Mr. Lewis was not merely a story-teller but a social critic of unusual calibre.

Babbitt the Philistine.

HIS invention of Babbitt has placed him among that very small class of modern writers who have added a new term to our vocabulary. Just as the name of Sherlock Holmes will endure as long as the detection of crime retains its interest; so the name of Babbitt will continue to be applied to its particular type of philistine in every country.

There was certainly a little excuse for the early short-sightedness of the English reviewers; journalists, wholly ignorant of American life in the Middle West, might not be altogether blamed for supposing Mr. Lewis a writer of no great distinction. The plot and the incidents, the characters and the psychology, of *Main Street* and *Babbitt* cannot be very highly praised as narrative; the significance of those two works, by which Mr. Lewis achieved his first fame, is rather sociological than literary.

It would seem that he himself realised this defect, for, ever since, his novels have shown a steady increase in literary merit. *Martin Arrowsmith* was a considerable advance on its predecessors; *Mantrap* was an exciting story; *Elmer Gantry* showed perhaps a certain reversion to type; but his latest book, *Dodsworth*, goes far beyond anything he has yet written. It combines a lively and interesting plot with the discussion of a problem which, one may suppose, has long exercised this author's thoughts.

The Story of Dodsworth.

THE story concerns the relations between Samuel Dodsworth, a successful American motor car manufacturer, and Frances, his wife, who represents the typical spoiled wife of the rich American business man. The Dodsworths visit Europe for an extended holiday. The husband, for the first time, finds himself with leisure to observe his wife; her old assumption of cultural superiority to him is not so convincing against a European background as it has been in Zenith. He sees in her a mass of artificiality and unscrupulous indifference to his own desires. At the same time he cannot rid himself of the established American idea that it is his duty to sacrifice himself wholly to her amusements; even when she has deceived him, humiliated him and deserted him, a telegram of appeal brings him post-haste back to her apron-strings.

He has, however, during his enforced absence from her, made the acquaintance of a Europeanised American widow, who nerves him to a sufficient degree of moral courage to break finally with his wife. That *deus ex machina* of American family drama, the divorce court judge, unites Dodsworth at last with the widow, while the wife is left to go her own way with her sham emotions and her providential income of several thousands of pounds a year.

Such is the plot; and it is much better worked out than any which Mr. Lewis has yet attempted. For the first time he has allowed himself to enter the higher places of psychology; and he succeeds adequately in bringing to life his chief characters, both men and women. At the same time he has developed a keener and neater sense of humour than ever before. Several of his parenthetical sketches of unimportant people in this book are good enough to rank with Mr. H. G. Wells' earlier endeavours in the same vein. Indeed, Mr. Lewis seems more and more to be taking up Mr. Wells' inspiration where the latter abandoned it, soon after the outbreak of the war, for the prolix pursuit of uninviting Utopias.

The Problem in the Book.

THE underlying theme of *Dodsworth*, however, is the antagonism between America and Europe. This is the problem which must have obsessed the author when he planned his book: how is it that ordinary Englishmen and Americans, who have so

much in common, find it so very difficult to like one another; and how is it that so many Americans are ashamed of their own country? Though the story carries its chief characters to Paris, to Berlin, and to Italy, the main theme remains that which exercises the Dodsworths the moment they step upon the liner at New York.

Lockert, an Englishman, asks Mrs. Dodsworth if she will stay in London. She replies:

"Yes, if there aren't too many Americans there. Why is it that the travelling American is such a dreadful person? Look at those ghastly people at that second table there—no, just beyond the pillar—father with horn-rimmed spectacles, certain to be talking about either Coolidge or Prohibition—earnest mother in home-made frock out to hunt down Culture, and terribly grim about it—daughter with a voice like a file. Why is it?"

"And why is it that you Americans, the nice ones, are so much more snobbish than the English?"

She gasped, and Sam Dodsworth awaited a thunderbolt, which did not come. Lockert was calm and agreeable, and she astonishingly bent to his domination with a puzzled: "Are we really?"

"Appallingly! I know only two classes of people who hate their own race—or tribe, or nation, or whatever you care to call it—who travel principally to get away from their own people, who never speak of them except with loathing, who are pleased not to be taken as belonging to them. That is, the Americans and the Jews!"

"Oh, come now, that's idiotic! I'm as proud of being—No! That's so. Partly. You're right. Why is it?"

"I suppose it's because your boosters go so much to the other extreme, talking about 'God's own country'—"

"But that expression is never used any more."

"It isn't? Anyway: 'greatest country on earth,' and 'we won the war.' And your ghastly city-boasting tours and Elks' conventions—people like you hate this bellowing. And then I do think the English have, as you say, 'Put something over on you'—"

"I've never used the phrase!"

"—By sitting back and quietly assuming that we're the noblest and rightest people on earth. And if any man or any nation has the courage or the magnificent egotism to do that long enough,

almost everyone will accept it from him. Oh, the English are essentially more insufferable than the Americans——"

"But not so noisy about it," mused Fran.

Sam was not at all sure that he liked the discussion.

Thoughts after Reading.

THE theme is worried throughout the book in a sort of *parti carré*. We have the pro-American American (Dodsworth); the anti-American American (Mrs. Dodsworth); the anti-American European; and the pro-American European, the last two being incarnated in various guises in various countries.

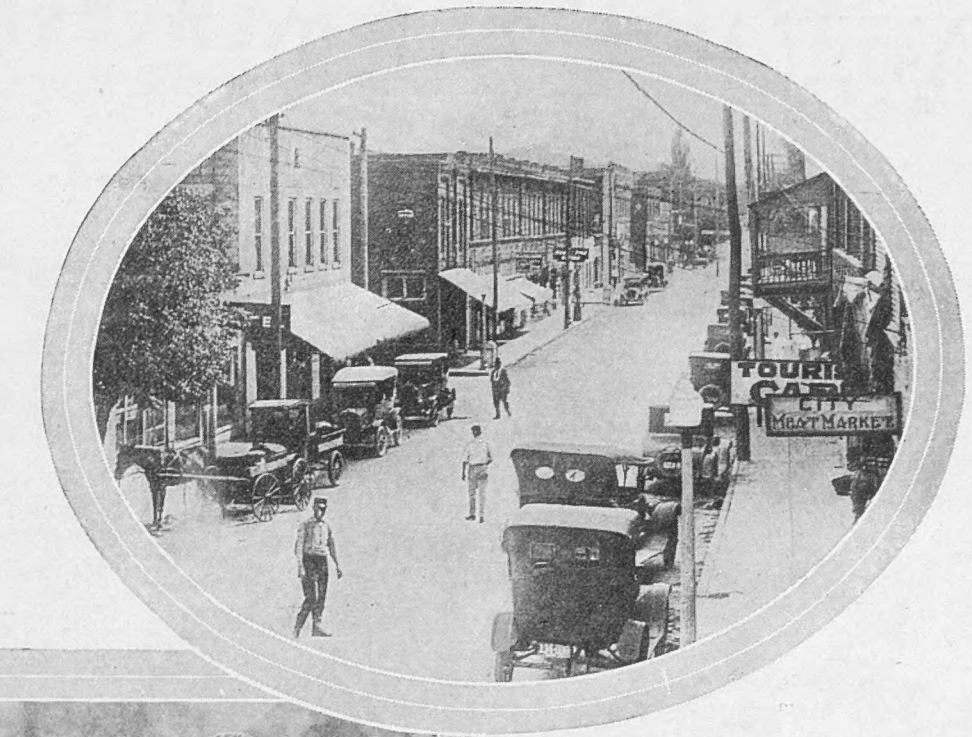
At the end, readers will probably come to the conclusion that Mr. Lewis thinks there is a good deal to be said on all four sides. It is perhaps unfair to expect from him a more definite solution; it is his business to pose the problem and argue it, rather than to pass judgment. But it may perhaps be left for one who has for some time pondered this very problem, to offer a few suggestions upon it.

We must, of course, begin by ruling out from the discussion those Englishmen and Americans who are intimately acquainted with each other's country. Among them there is none of the odd, snarling antagonism to which Mr. Lewis's book so often adverts. We are not concerned here with such sympathetic minds as that of Mr. Walter Page, whose account of his ambassadorial experiences in London during the War is one of the most remarkable evidences of the true affinity of cultivated American and English minds. *Dodsworth* deals rather with such suspicious provincial natures as find their highest expression in the lesser Colonial Houses of both nations. When these are English, they effect an exasperating superiority towards everything American; when they are American, they add to a similar sense of superiority an equally infuriating attitude of moral condescension.

Respective Innocents.

THERE seems to me little doubt that, in the jargon of the modern psychologist, our respective Babbitts suffer from an inferiority complex. To the small-minded Englishman it is an incredible affront that America should presume to have become the most prosperous country in the world. To the small-minded American it seems monstrous that the English should refuse to acknowledge America's wealth as entitling her to assume a proportionate cultural supremacy.

Our sillier press and stupider stage insist on representing, as the typical American, a dollar-proud, boastful barbarian dummy, while, in the American counterparts, no Englishman may appear who is not a drawling, conceited nincompoop. And so our



Main Street. Not unlike the place Mr. Sinclair Lewis immortalised by satirising in his first book "Main Street," which brought him fame on both sides of the Atlantic.



Mr. Sinclair Lewis with his wife. Mr. Lewis has now been acclaimed in this country as one of the most original novelists of the day. His latest book "Dodsworth" is a social satire which shows the author at his best.

respective innocents learn to despise one another.

There is, however, another side to the subject. Suppose an educated young American to come to England, unprovided with such introductions as will bring him into contact with the more intelligent social groups; he often discovers himself in an odd dilemma. If he is an artist or a scholar, he will probably find that living in England is far more agreeable to him than the prospect of returning to his own country. But, at

the same time, he is soon infuriated at the constant reiteration of the insular English view that his country is utterly vulgar, altogether without culture and without tradition.

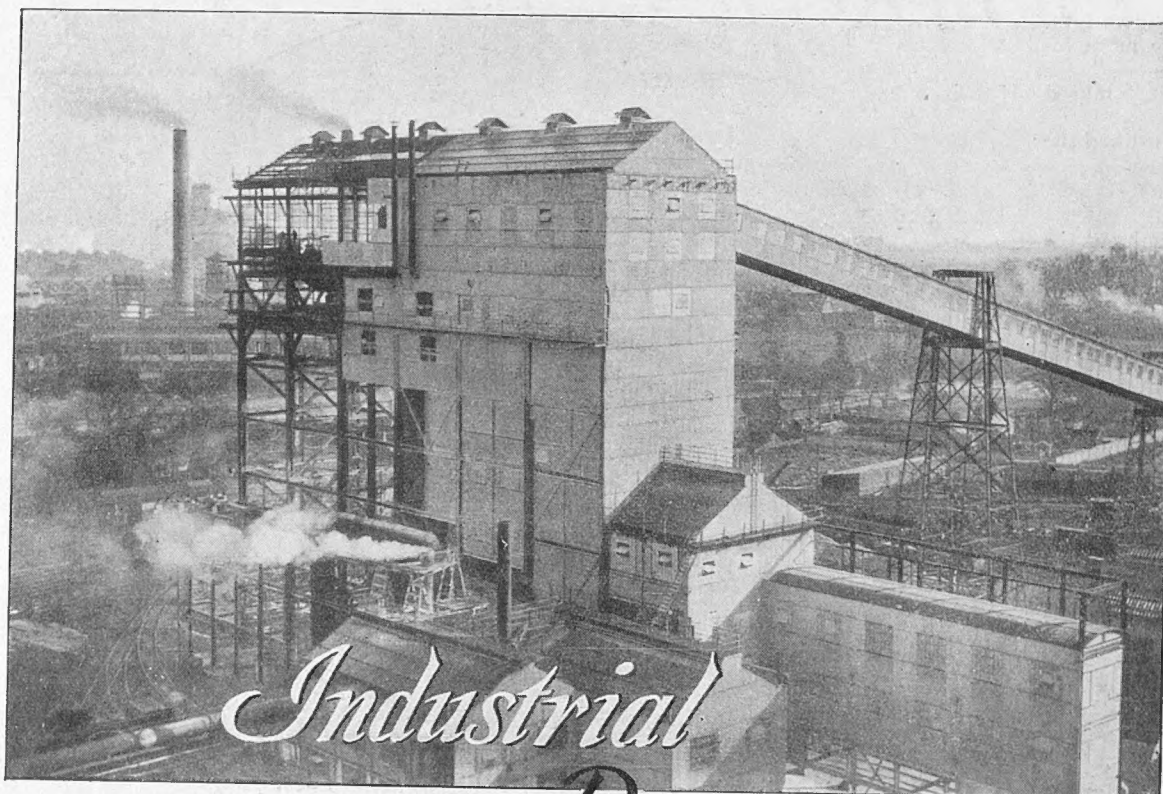
Similarly, a young Englishman visiting America may easily be nauseated by the general feeling in certain classes that, in the light of American enterprise, our own country must be considered contemptibly effete. Both these young visitors return home bewildered by their emotions; admitting to themselves some admirable qualities in their hosts, but violently hostile to others.

Complementary Countries.

IT seems to me that the two great English-speaking nations are much more complementary than most of their more innocent inhabitants suppose. So far as artistic and literary traditions are concerned, I have no hesitation in reminding such questioners as Mr. Lewis that the roots of American literature are indubitably in British soil. I am quite certain that an American writer is likely to live more happily in an English scene than in his native country. Henry James's example bears me out; Mr. Lewis's own frequent visits here are another case in point.

On the other hand, I am equally certain that in many branches of modern progress, England must give best to America. There can be no doubt, for example, that in modern science generally, America, for all her youth, has built up not merely a fine record but a great and established tradition.

Mr. Lewis has indeed solved his problem on these lines. For Dodsworth, motor-car manufacturer, Europe may provide recreation, but it cannot give inspiration. For Mrs. Dodsworth, a butterfly of "culture," all that she yearns for is to be found rather in Europe than in her own country. As I see it, Mr. Lewis's climax is inevitable. For Dodsworth, America (and the widow); for Mrs. Dodsworth, the joys of Europe.



Industrial Peace

(A WORKER'S VIEW)

By JULIUS PLEB

OF course, *we* want industrial peace," says the employers, "but we really cannot accept the findings of the Melchett-Turner Committee. Now, if it wasn't for those wretched trade unions . . ."

"Don't we want industrial peace?" ask the union leaders indignantly. "Do you really think we want a repetition of 1926? Peace in industry is the one thing we crave for. If only the employers—"

"What right has the Trades Union Congress to negotiate terms of peace with the employers without consulting *us*," bawls Mr. David Cookston, M.P. "Mind you, we're not against peace in industry, but—"

"Industrial Peace," croaks the "comical" party, "can only come when we have overthrown the capitalistic system in strict accordance with the instructions laid down by the late lamented Karl Marx. Until then, comrades, there must be war—" And they blow their little trumpets.

Meanwhile, the bewildered and saddened angel of peace continues to hover aloft, fearful of coming to earth for fear of being trampled under foot unrecognised.

THE WORKERS WANT PEACE.

BUT what of the men in the shops, mills, mines, factories and railways? Do *they* want industrial peace? Unfortunately, it is difficult to ascertain their opinions—they have few facilities for expressing them, and they are not always able to make themselves articulate. It is only by working with them and living their lives that one can get any notion as to what the workers think about these things.

The workers want industrial peace, of that there is no doubt—and I speak with intimate knowledge.

There are, of course, some usually indifferent workmen who get "fed up"—who try to create strife wherever they go, but the great mass of the workers want to be left alone. Given security of employment and reasonable remuneration and they

are quite content to carry on. Even fiery "left wingers" are averse to trouble in the shop wherein *they* happen to be working!

And in the final analysis, the trouble is not between trade union leaders and employers' representatives, so much as between managements and workmen. The solution to the problem will be found in the workshops—in the day-to-day contact with production itself—rather than in a luxurious conference room.

MUTUAL SUSPICION.

EMPLOYERS' representatives and union leaders may, as such, have bitter discussions in which they say unkind things about each other, but, under the mellowing influence of lunch, they usually fraternise, renewing friendships possibly strained in the heat of debate.

There are no such reunions of men and managements, more's the pity! If peace prevailed in the workshop, petty political differences between leaders would not matter a jot; and peace between leaders would avail nothing if friction remained in the workshops.

Mutual suspicion is the chief cause of friction in the factories. The workers instinctively dislike the employers. This instinct is born of the knowledge that a man's livelihood often depends upon the whim of an irascible manager or foreman.

At the beginning of February the writer fell a victim to the flu, and on the fourth

day he received his insurance cards and pay through the post together with a covering letter saying his services were no longer required! I have seen a man sacked for daring to nod to the manager in the street. Two men were discharged from the service of a big works one Monday morning because of a momentary shortage of work.

When a man is sacked on pay-day he usually takes it with *sangfroid*, but to be fired on Monday morning after spending the week-end free from the spectre of unemployment, is enough to make any man savage against employers.

"Just like all the bosses," the men say to each other, "hang us on a nail when they don't want us, and take us down again when they do."

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

THE workers are also guilty of acts of aggression. Just as managerial callousness, excessive discipline, and irksome unnecessary restrictions cause men to dislike masters, so do bad time-keeping, dilatory methods, and trade union restrictions make employers contemptuous of workmen.

It is not so very long ago since six hundred Welsh miners struck work because a few members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union refused to join the Miner's Federation.

All the men in a Birmingham foundry ceased work because one of their number exceeded the limit of piece-work earnings laid down by the union by 1s. 9d. Union officials were called in and a speedy settlement effected, but the strike caused the firm to get behind in its deliveries and the men to lose wages.

I recall a case when the members of no fewer than three different unions fought each other for the right to insert small brass screws into watertight doors, and it took several conferences and mass meetings to settle this delicate question. Meanwhile work was at a standstill. Can peace be expected whilst such incidents occur?

I could fill pages with other cases, equally as stupid and irritating, showing that there are faults on both sides.

MEN, NOT "HANDS".

MUCH of this friction can be eliminated by the direct exchange of opinions between managements and workmen—they are the people who, being in daily contact with them, understand the problems—more, at any rate, than by the interference of politicians bent on playing the party game. Workmen and managements are a bit fed up with being made the "shuttlecocks" of the different political parties.

As a step in the right direction I suggest that employers should treat their workmen more as *men* than as mere "hands." They would find it a sound business proposition to reduce workshop restrictions to a minimum

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

VERY few men have the good luck of Sir Burton Chadwick in seeing the dream of a lifetime come true. I suppose behind the birth of all the old City Companies there must have been always one man. Certainly Sir Burton is so overwhelmingly responsible for the Honourable Company of Master Mariners that it might fairly be called his creation. The Prince of Wales did not exaggerate in the least when he spoke of him as its father and mother.

How the merchant service got along all those hundreds of years without a Company is no less mysterious than how the givers of honours contrived, until almost the other day, to overlook the captains of those splendid fleets. It was a friend much given to crossing the Atlantic who first suggested to Mr. Lloyd George that the commodores of the Cunard and the White Star lines deserved to figure in the honours list. The same friend suggested later, but less successfully, that an engine driver who had done forty years' service on the railways was at least as worthy of a title as the average company director.

Admiralty and Air Force.

THE huge rush of Londoners to greet H.M.S. *London*, when the new cruiser lay off Gravesend, was an expression of something more than local patriotism. The chances a layman gets of going over a vessel of that calibre are more numerous to-day than they were before the war, but still nothing like so great as a Department that knew more of the uses of advertisement would provide.

All the Departments fight, of course, for their own hand, and the Admiralty, if it means, as it certainly does, to hold its own as the premier service, would be well advised to show off the Navy as much as possible. Why? Because it is plain to me that popular interest is shifting from it to the Air Force. If you watch carefully any big parade or procession you will find that it is the Air Force units that draw the loudest cheers. That may be just the fuss that is usually made over a successful and attractive novelty. But it may be something deeper. It may mean that the popular instinct sees further into our new problems of national defence than the congregated experts of Whitehall.

What Lord Melchett Did.

IF he were disposed to, I can imagine Lord Melchett making a smashing reply to Mr. Lloyd George's onslaught, both on the personal side and as regards

the question of unemployment. But I should hardly think he would regard it as worth while.

Every one who was at all behind the scenes of British politics in 1916, when the war was going very badly, and Asquith as

a war Premier was being found to be more and more inadequate, knows that the Liberal War Committee, of which Sir Alfred Mond was the moving spirit, had a decisive influence on the events that led to "L. G." coming to the top. The fifty or sixty Liberal M.P.'s, who were all for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, were a tremendous asset on "L. G.'s" side when he came to bargain with the Conservatives and to reckon up the support on which he could rely in his own party.

In fact, I should say that Sir Alfred Mond had a great deal more to do with making "L. G." Premier than

the latter is aware of.

What Mr. Lloyd George Forgets.

WHATEVER he may say now, my recollection is that "L. G." was glad to have Sir Alfred Mond in his Cabinet, and drew heavily on his administrative talents in the Committees that carried on the real

direction of the British effort. Again, after the fatal 1918 election, Sir Alfred, as Minister of Health, tackled the Housing muddle in a way that made possible nearly everything that Mr. Neville Chamberlain has achieved.

So far from being unpopular with his Conservative colleagues, Sir Alfred was repeatedly pressed by Bonar Law, when it was seen that the Coalition was tottering to its fall, to become Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new and inevitable Conservative Government. If other Liberal Ministers had stood by him then, as staunchly as Sir Alfred did, "L. G.'s" political plight would not be what it is to-day.

Again, when he finally went over to the Conservative Party Mr. Baldwin hastened to offer him a Cabinet post. It was declined then, but quite possibly if

the offer were to be repeated again, the refusal might not be.

"The Suicide of the World."

UNEMPLOYMENT is growing less, Mr. Churchill will have a substantial surplus, and trade in nearly every direction shows signs of improvement. Most people, in Britain, at any rate, are getting on with their job in that stubborn spirit of hopefulness which has so far pulled the country through its troubles not discreditably. But Sir George Paish and his lingering remnant of high and dry Free Traders remain more wrapped than ever in the direst gloom.

One gets used to these "eminent economists" who are always wrong, and as a tribe the world allows them a latitude of expression it denies to most other apostles. But Sir George Paish went beyond all excusable limits when he talked the other day of "the suicide of the world," and predicted—for about the tenth year running—a hopeless financial crash in the spring. What makes the average man question these prophets is that when they were confronted with a real calamity, the European war, they entirely failed to foresee it and passionately denied its possibility.

"The Finger of Doom."

THERE is no greater optimist than Mr. Lloyd George. We must not, therefore, take him too seriously when he declares that the Liberal victory in the Eddisbury Division of Cheshire points "the finger of doom for the Government." One by-election does not make a Liberal Government. It is clear that Mr. Lloyd George's personal visit to Eddisbury has had the desired effect.



Sir Burton Chadwick, who has been chiefly responsible for the creation of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners.



The Hon. Henry Mond, the newly-elected Conservative member for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool. He is the son of Lord Melchett.



Captain Rogers conducting the Lord Mayor (Sir Kynaston Studd) round H.M.S. *London* at Gravesend, before the vessel's departure for the Mediterranean.

A Man's Outlook

A Weekly Contribution of Random Thoughts on Current Affairs.

By Crawford Price

IT is sorry comment upon Sir Austen Chamberlain's *régime* at the Foreign Office that many thoughtful Americans, to whom the very thought of Socialism must be anathema, are actually praying for a Labour triumph at the forthcoming General Election. Their concern has been provoked by the delicate condition of Anglo-American relations, and a genuine desire for their improvement.

Nobody, of course, suggests that Sir Austen harbours unfriendly feelings towards the U.S.A. or doubts that he is as anxious about the peace of the Atlantic as the peace of Europe. But there is a very definite suspicion that our Foreign Secretary's declared "love" for France has linked this country up with militaristic ambitions on the Continent at the cost of a better understanding between the English-speaking nations. Furthermore, it is impossible to deny that the handling of the naval controversy with Washington has been marked by extreme tactlessness.

HOW far all this must be attributed individually to Sir Austen Chamberlain is a matter of opinion. True; he is at heart a Francophile; but few politicians remain masters of their fate when they enter the sacred portals of the Foreign Office, for there is no department of State where the permanent official who meets them on the threshold assumes a more effective control of their destinies. Thus France has exerted a strong and not wholly beneficent influence upon our foreign policy ever since Sir William Tyrrell (now ambassador in Paris) became principal Under-Secretary of State, to the extent that the present parliamentary head of Downing Street may be regarded somewhat as an accessory after the fact—withal a willing one.

IF the Americans are expecting great things of the Labour Party they may, therefore, be disappointed, even in the unlikely event of a Labour victory at the polls. Mr. Lloyd George, of course, would be different. He and Mr. Winston Churchill are perhaps the only two politicians who can be relied upon to call the tune in Whitehall—and Mr. Lloyd George knows a great deal more about foreign affairs than his opponents or the bureaucrats care to admit. For the rest, we must seek salvation in an enlightened public opinion, which in due time will doubtless recognise that the old policy of "splendid isolation," when applied to European politics, still has much to recommend it, and that in Anglo-American friendship lies the real hope of peace in our time.

IT is a curious reflection on the taste of the investing public that whereas a Roumanian Government loan yielding about 8 per cent. went to a discount, an invitation to provide funds for a brewery in Albania was heavily over-subscribed. We prefer, it would seem, a speculation in the poorest country in Europe to an investment in one of the richest. So do we play our noble part in consolidating the League's infant State.

I am sure that the innovation will be welcomed in that most primitive of lands. Hitherto the Albanian mountaineer (usually involved in some blood feud) has only known safety when in company with a woman, but now he will be able to sit in his *café* secure in the protection afforded by a mug of British beer. No hostile tribesman would dare shoot at that.

FROM the political point of view, however, it would be interesting to learn why the Italians, who have commandeered every other concession (financial, mineral, commercial and otherwise) in King Zogu's Kingdom, have left the British Empire with this particular prize. There is not, I hope, any misunderstanding about the position in Albania to-day. To be sure, there is a government and a King, but above the government and the King stands a Dictator who is none other than our old friend, Mussolini.

Albania, in short, has virtually become an Italian protectorate. You may be told that her independence must be preserved and that for that reason the Italians are building roads, unloading amazing quantities of munitions and generally turning the land into an armed camp, but you will get much nearer the truth of things if you remember that there is only a truce between Italy and Yugoslavia and that if ever that truce is ended hostilities are most likely to burst into flame on the Albano-Yugoslav frontier. Hence the importance of Scutari, a town

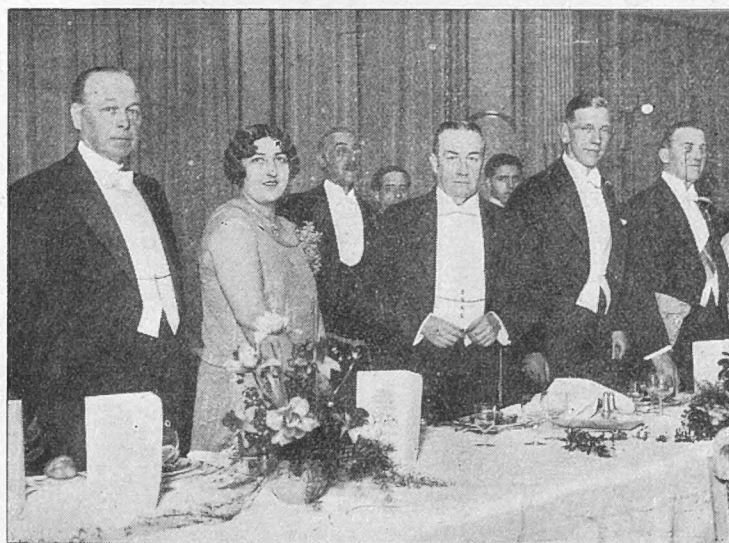
which most Serbs regard as a key position. The Italians, I believe, have endowed it with a magnificent modern hospital, which, after all, has a potential military value. It has been left to Great Britain to provide it with a brewery. The venture ought, on the face of it, to be an economic success. But, politically, there must be a catch in it, somewhere.

THERE may be no fish in the Dead Sea, but there is something decidedly "fishy" about the negotiations for the Dead Sea Salt Concession, upon which the light of parliamentary discussion has at long last been shed. That the deposits are rich in potash, nobody will now deny, and it is equally beyond discussion that the agricultural industry of the world—and particularly of Great Britain—needs potash in increasing quantities at a reasonable price. This being so, the public has the right to know precisely why the exploitation of the Palestinian resources has been held up for ten years, and why such manifest preference has been accorded to the claims of Mr. Moses Novomeyski.

MR. NOVOMEYSKI, now presented to us as a Palestinian, is a Russian mining engineer from Siberia who is in high favour with the Zionist organisation. His plans are, I believe, framed on a much smaller scale than those submitted, for example, by Dr. Norton and Dr. Homer, and are thus less likely to affect the existing continental monopoly. The Zionists doubtless feel that it is as desirable to have a Novomeyski in control of the potash as a Rutenberg at the head of the electrical concession. But, the question is rather whether justice is being done to the native Arab population, on the one hand, and our farmers, who are yearning for cheap potash, on the other. With all respect for Lord Melchett, we are not concerned with the fate of the continental monopolists, who find it necessary to restrict output in order to keep up prices. If their potash mines are deep and expensive to work, they are in no worse plight than half the coal owners in Britain and entitled to no greater sympathy.

ON the contrary, it is quite definitely to the interest of this country that the monopoly of the Franco-German cartel should be broken, that agriculture should obtain cheap potash (which would make Britain less dependent upon imported food) and that the vast deposits of mineral wealth which now lie fallow in the Dead Sea should be exploited by British companies, with British capital, and remain essentially under British control.

We have done very well by the Zionists. It is high time we thought of ourselves and our own interests.



Members of the Cabinet attend the Foreign Press Association dinner. In addition to Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Prime Minister and Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. E. Swenne, president of the Association, and Mrs. Swenne are seen above.

The Woman's View

A Modern Woman's Commentary on the Topics of the Day

By Rosita Forbes

ONE of the most interesting questions to-day concerns the new electorate. Which way are the women, under 30, going to vote, and why? They are not blinded by political experience. There is no reason why they should accept, as an inevitable "economic condition," the unemployment which, in truth, is as grave a national crisis as was August, 1914.

Women are more optimistic and less conventional than men. If they think at all, their minds, trained to balance the supply and demand of domestic necessity, must react to the two sets of facts—we spend nearly 40 millions of unemployment benefit, and 15 millions of outdoor relief, for the support of approximately a million idle men, whose one demand is work; and, on the other hand, we need roads, houses, timber, drainage, and so on *ad infinitum*. To every housekeeper such waste of labour and money must seem ridiculous.

I believe the thinking women of England, and they are in the majority, will vote for the party which shows itself least afraid to tackle an evil which is sapping the roots of our manhood as no war could ever do.

FOR the moment, the volcanoes of the Far East are dormant, but, all over the world, there appears to be a sudden eruption of feminism. In Persia, the Women's Mutual Defence League of Tabriz has requested the government to make married men wear, not a wedding-ring, but a silver bracelet secured round the wrist by a small padlock.

If such a law be enacted, locksmiths would be able to levy the sort of blackmail on which they, doubtless, fattened in the Middle Ages, when, before my lord went to the wars, he fastened around my lady's waist a cumbersome metal *Ceinture de Chastité* and took away the key!

In Mexico, where women used to be so docile that they never even asked their husbands or fathers which way they voted, Senorita Bolla is leading a strong campaign for an emancipation which shall include equality in law as well as in social custom.

At present the freedom of the Spanish or South American girl is limited to short skirts, lipstick, and cigarettes. At the other side of the world, the dancing girls of India have formed a Trade Union, with the prospect of a newspaper of their own. Ten per cent. of their funds are to be devoted to old age pensions and sick relief. The rest is to be spent on musical and dramatic education. In fact, it looks as if these modern dancers are out to regain the power wielded by the nautch girls of Delhi under the Mogul Empire,

when the palaces of the legendary Vasantsena rivalled those of the Rajput kings.

To punctuate all this feminist activity, a woman, Miss Jean Howard, has been appointed, for the first time in history, Agent-General in London for a province of the British Empire—Nova Scotia. It would appear that there is nothing left for us to win, except a seat on the Woolsack, or the ticket of a master mariner.

THE mind of 1929 seems to be burrowing, mole-like, in tunnels. On one side we are told that we must have a Channel Tunnel because it will do away with our national insularity, commercial and mental, and quadruple our tourist trade; or, that we mustn't have it because it is not a paying proposition, and, with the growth of aviation, will be out of date almost before it is built. On the other, France, which welcomes the Channel Tunnel so enthusiastically that the more suspicious of our politicians question her motives—as if sea-sickness were not a sufficient one to the average Gallic mind!—is seriously contemplating one of her own.

This Trans-Saharan tube is to link Paris with Timbuctoo and the journey which used to include three months by camel, and which can now be accomplished in five days by car from Colomb Béchar will eventually, I suppose, occupy no more than a night in a tunnel.

LORD BECTIVE, who is a successful electrician, and has, even more remarkable, so far (I believe) escaped the onslaught of flu, gives his recipe for both enviable states. He believes in sunlight, in smiling, and in doing business, if possible, only with those people whom you happen, personally, to like. He must like a lot of people, for his business is growing daily, but that may be because he follows the advice of the financier he quotes: "Never lose your temper; unless, of course, you can make a great deal of money by finding it again."

The point of this paragraph is that, so far, I, too, have been immune

from flu, which tempts me to add my recipe to that of Lord Bective.

I believe in a cold bath every morning and a sponge of cold water on the back of the neck before going out in the evenings. It braces all the nerves. No smoking till after lunch, and as little alcohol as possible. I believe in six glasses of water a day between meals, an apple before breakfast, a forcible barrage applied to throat and nose with a spray every morn and eve and as often in between as you can remember. Touch your toes 12 times every day to keep the abdominal muscles active, and take as much exercise as possible.

I believe in going to bed early, because the electric current which re-magnetises our bodies passes over England between 11 p.m. and 3 a.m. Science has proved that what we thought was an old wife's superstition is an actual fact and that beds should be placed north and south, in the line of the magnetic current and not across it. Eat everything

that contains vitamin B and don't do any brain work after dinner. Here's my creed!

AMANULLAH is resuming hostilities after the fast of Ramadan, during which no Moslem is fit company for friend or enemy, since nothing may pass his lips between dawn and sunset and he has to make up for such abstinence by 28 nights of orgy. The dethroned Afghan monarch is, it is rumoured, to have the moral support of Persia, which will, doubtless, be translated into arms and munitions.

Reza Khan, the present Shah of Persia, began life as a stable-boy, and succeeded a ruler who was more interested in Monte Carlo, and the fit of his lemon kid gloves, than the problems of his overtaxed country. Reza is one of the few Eastern rulers who have managed to co-ordinate the claims of the reformers with those of the old-fashioned religious party.

WHEN I saw him in Bushire he drove through the narrow streets in a twin six super-charger, but both this ultra-modern conveyance and his European uniform were splashed with the blood of goats whose sacrifice, by priests in flowing white robes, impeded his progress.



The Shah of Persia, who began life as a stable boy. He is one of the few Eastern rulers who have managed to co-ordinate the claims of the reformers with those of the old-fashioned religious party.



The dancing girls of India have formed a Trade Union. A portion of the Union's funds are to be devoted to old age pensions and sick relief.

BRITANNIA

is published every Friday by

BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS LTD.

Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. per copy; other places abroad, 2½d.

Telephone: CITY 1522 (16 lines) Telegrams: "Flamtorch, London."

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

THE IRISH JACK-BOOT.

THE more things change, the more they remain the same, or so at least it is in Ireland. The English have left; but she is still distressful: Dublin Castle is no more, but she still groans under a tyranny.

Take, for example, this passage from a recent debate in the Irish Free State Parliament, the occasion being a Bill to enforce the Irish language upon candidates for the legal profession. It is needless to say that the Incorporated Law Society had not been consulted, and that the lawyers of the country were against the proposal. As for the law students themselves, their feelings may be imagined. To turn themselves into bi-lingual oddities as a preliminary to a hard course of legal study might appal the stoutest heart. But Irish Gaelic has already been forced upon school-masters and upon Civil servants, and according to Dr. Hennessy, who took part in the debate, it is now being made compulsory for medical men "even if they were over fifty years of age." The lawyers, therefore, could hardly expect immunity; at any rate, if they expected it they did not get it, as may be gathered from the following passage:

Mr. Blythe (Minister of Finance): If the Incorporated Law Society is so foolish as to try to thwart the intention of the Oireachtas we can easily deal with them.

Dr. Hennessy (Government, Dublin S.): Yes, the jackboot.

Mr. Blythe: Yes, the jackboot, and two of them.

Ireland, then, is still under the jackboot, although it is on a different foot, or, rather, if we may believe Mr. Blythe (who ought to know) it is now upon both feet.

The Language Question.

THE ancient Celtic language, once spoken, it may be supposed, over all the British Isles, lives now only in Wales, the Western Highlands of Scotland and in some remote and mountainous regions of Western Ireland. It has not only shrunk geographically, but has dwindled linguistically, at least in Ireland, since it is only spoken by peasants and fishermen, and not, as of old, by the bards and the learned. It is cut off from its Welsh and Scottish sisters, not only by intervening areas of English and the sea, but by differences which have grown with time until they are more than separate dialects, and almost separate languages. The task, therefore, of revival is not hopeful even by force, and is, no doubt, one of the several causes of the unpopularity of the Irish Free State Government.

The unpopularity of that Government may be judged by the result of the North Dublin election, where Mr. Cosgrave's candidate only scraped home by a majority of 151. There are, of course, other causes. No Government which is practically bankrupt can expect to be popular, especially in a capital long accustomed to the easy money of the British administration.

Mr. Cosgrave has been forced to reduce old-age pensions and unemployment benefits, to abolish widows' pensions, to raise the price of postage and telegrams, and (from the 1st of April) to reduce postal deliveries over

large country areas to three times a week (in order to save £40,000 a year). Such a government could hardly be popular even if it did not wear jackboots.

The Alternative.

WE may be rebuked as a British paper for venturing to consider the case of Ireland, since the British public is almost forbidden by its Press to take an interest in what is, after all, a part of the British Isles. But the alternative to Mr. Cosgrave, which hangs upon so fine a balance, is certain, if it comes, to make Ireland once more a burning question. For not only is De Valera's Party pledged to repudiate the Anglo-Irish Treaty; but the North Dublin election was fought by a sinister combination of Republicans and Communists. And Mr. Cosgrave has proclaimed, what is certainly true, that the issue between law and lawlessness has not yet been decided even in the capital of the Irish Free State, where the gunmen are ready to enforce Republican and Communist doctrines at the point of the automatic.

It has been apparent from many transactions, notably the subsidy disguised under the Irish coinage deal that, the British Government is labouring and paying to support the tottering fabric of the Cosgrave administration.

Why? To the ordinary Englishman there might seem little to choose between the Free State and Republican factions: they seem equally hostile to England, and there is only a nominal difference between the shadow of the Crown and the reality of a Republic.

But there is the lurking menace behind De Valera of the pistol and the bomb. It may be said that both factions are equally incriminated in that respect; but Mr. Cosgrave, being at the head of a settled government, has an interest in maintaining order, and is visibly engaged in a struggle with anarchy. His appeals to the electorate in the recent election put the issue with startling clearness: law and order are still at bay in Ireland, fighting not far from the last ditch against revolution.

Has anyone considered the connection between politics here and politics there? Put the case that the Socialists were returned to power in England and the Republican-Communist combination in Ireland. What would be the reaction of the one on the other? Would they agree or differ? And there is another hypothesis more probable and hardly less interesting. If the Conservative Government remained in office here, and De Valera came into power in Ireland, what would happen? De Valera is sworn to repudiate the Treaty: would the Conservatives treat him as a traitor or a rebel? It is reported that many Irishmen are actually voting Republican in the hope that a Republican victory would force England to return to Ireland. Pathetic illusion!

The World Struggle.

ALTHOUGH the world has the appearance of peace, a great war is going forward which some people perceive very clearly but to which more are blind—the war between law and anarchy, between Civilisation and Revolution; between what is called Capitalism and what is called Socialism; between the British Empire and Soviet Russia. The struggle in Ireland is only a little corner of it; the coming elections in England will cover a more general engagement, and the disturbing thing is that not only a large section of the public and the Press, but apparently some of our Ministers of State have not the remotest idea that this fight is proceeding.

The fight, of course, is not merely political: it is economic. It underlay, for example, the recent conflict over the price of oil between the Capitalist combination on the one side and Russian Oil Products on the other. In that fight the Soviet launched its whole economic power in order to secure control of the British market, and, at the same time, to persuade the British "proletariat" that Communism could supply its wants cheaper than Capitalism.

It was a commonplace of the Socialist platform that the price of petrol was low in Great Britain because the Communists, disdaining to make a profit, were able to sell cheaper oil than the Capitalists. That fiction, at all events, was exploded when R.O.P. entered the ring. It was a confession that even with a plant on which nothing is paid and an organisation created by others, the Marxian theory broke down.



THE "HOPE" BROTHERS (one May morning). All together: "A Sail! A Sail! We're Saved!"

The Parent and the School

By Viscountess Erleigh

In some respects our preparatory and public educational system is mediæval; but parents are beginning to take a greater interest in the details of their children's upbringing and, through co-operative effort, are bringing pressure to bear on the school authorities.



[Marcus Adams]

Viscountess Erleigh with her family. She is a daughter of Lord Melchett and her husband is the son of Lord Reading.

ENGLISH parents take notoriously little interest in education from the scholastic point of view. We are a nation that holds very strongly by tradition, and in no sphere is that more true than in the matter of our schools. That the schools of England have a mighty tradition, and one that they do well to guard jealously, no one would deny; but tradition must not be allowed to become a synonym for stagnation, must in no way become a bar to progress.

A RELIC OF UR.

OUR educational system in our preparatory and public schools is in many particulars mediæval; we still teach mainly by word of mouth as in the days when books were rare and costly; we still endeavour to burden the memory with endless facts, and make little or no attempt to instil the intelligent use of reference books. Our staple punishment, the writing of "lines," was once used, as Mr. Woolley recently told us, in the schools at Ur!

The study of Latin still overshadows the whole educational curriculum, as in the days when Latin was the language of all educated men in Europe, and classic literature and history the only literature and history in existence.

Now one is surely at liberty to speculate whether the fact that education is so out of touch with modern life has led to the indifference of parents as a whole to its form, and whether it has remained in that state because of the indifference of parents. We have always laid more stress on the building of character than on the acquisition of knowledge, and certainly knowledge without character is of little value; yet in the present age of keen competition the same might be said of the reverse.

The available knowledge to be acquired is growing rapidly from year to year; with the quickly expanding means of communication an understanding of the history and customs of other nations, and familiarity with foreign languages become daily more important.

VOX PARENTIS.

THE history of Europe would seem of equal importance, to say the least, with the history of Rome, and one is tempted to wonder whether the acquisition of the French, German, Spanish and Italian languages would not provide reasonable exercise for a boy's mental powers. The teaching of modern languages is now receiving considerable attention, and the calling of a conference on that subject was one of the first acts of the recently established Parents' Association.

That parents have had so little say in all school matters in the past has been to a large extent their own fault. Quite obviously busy heads of schools cannot get in touch with or listen to every individual parent; but they have shown in many ways that they are ready and willing to do so with a body representing the views of parents as a whole.

There is a curious disinclination on the part of many people to bother themselves about their children's schools. They may take trouble in choosing a school, though in a great number of cases the decision is based solely on tradition, irrespective of whether the father's school is the right one for the son; but once the child is, so to speak, in the machine, they feel the matter has passed entirely out of their control.

In private they may make many criticisms, and even condemn the whole educational system in sweeping terms, but apparently it does not occur to them that fundamentally the schools exist to meet a demand, and that if sufficient of them voiced their demands the schools would be bound to comply. And as with the schools so with the parents, tradition is often a bar to progress. "That which was good enough for me is good enough for my son," is the slogan of countless fathers; it is practically a tradition never to complain to a head or house master unless the matter is indeed desperate.

WOMAN THE ICONOCLAST.

MEN are, of course, naturally anxious that their sons should be brought up in a reasonably hard school, and that their

preparation for life should not be in the nature of a feather bed; they are inclined to distrust all modern improvements, both in hygiene and in education as tending towards "softness." Yet this idea more often than not arises from an incomplete understanding of the matter in hand.

Perhaps men also to some extent remain all their lives in a certain retrospective awe of that great man "the Head." It is certainly the fact that it is woman, the eternal iconoclast, who has dared to tread on hallowed ground. The mother of to-day sees no reason why, after her careful upbringing of her son, she should send him to a school where much that she has accomplished will be undone.

MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW.

WHEN she is selecting a school she asks to see the kitchens and the bathing arrangements, she enquires into diet, hours allowed for sleep and other health matters.

It is through the mothers' growing interest in and knowledge of all matters concerning health that the increasing co-operation between parents and schools is coming about. It is very characteristic of the English temperament that first character, then health, and, lastly, education, should arouse the interest of parents.

There is, perhaps, a lurking danger in the ever-increasing interest and preoccupation of mothers in the schools of their sons—there is no doubt they are becoming a very important influence—and the danger lies in the fact that fathers are inclined to remain quiescent in the background, which fact may lead to that very "softness" of which they stand so much in dread.

It is much to be hoped that an organisation such as the Parents' Association will be always equally representative of both fathers and mothers.

OBVIOUSLY the effectiveness of such an Association will depend on its representative character and the number of its membership. The membership fee

is only ros., so that it is virtually open to all, and the excellent pioneer work that has been done merits real support.

The Parents' Association does not, of course, confine its activities to boys' schools, but is equally in touch with the headmistresses of important girls' schools.

It is curious that, while so much criticism has of late years been levelled at the educational curriculum of the boy, those responsible for the recent rapid development in the education of girls have in the main so closely copied it. Surely one might have expected a great educationalist among women who would have blazed an independent trail and evolved a curriculum and a manner of education particularly suited to the girl and her needs?

FETISH OF GAMES.

THERE has been so much talk of equality among the sexes that the essential and fundamental differences have been overlooked. Both mentally and physically, the development of boys and girls follows a different curve. In the co-education schools in America this has been proved again and again. It therefore stands to reason that their work should be differently graded, and examinations be held at different periods; at present, the educational strain on a girl is often greatest when she is least capable of sustaining it.

Perhaps one of the worst features absorbed from the boy's school is the fetish of games.

A boy's school life is, to a very large extent, dominated by his games, some think to far too great an extent, but all the same, there are obvious advantages, and games definitely encourage many manly qualities.

But what can be said in favour of a similar interest in games for girls? Games are

differ profoundly from the needs of girls.

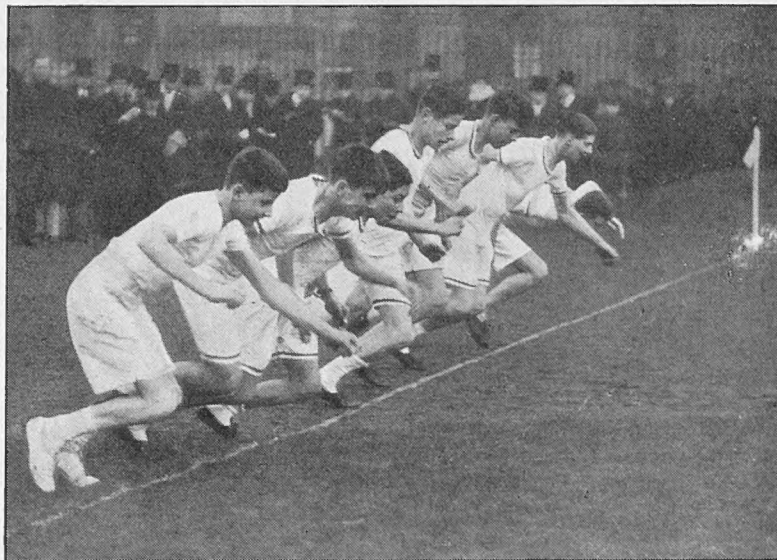
In the majority of girls' schools practically no provision is made for the inclusion of subjects that will be the paramount concern of the greater number of girls when they reach womanhood. Such subjects as the knowledge of food values, the keeping of household accounts, the fundamental laws of health and hygiene, and some preparation in the art of mothercraft. These subjects are no longer acquired, as a matter of course, in the home, now that so many girls attend boarding schools, or day schools, which fully occupy their time.

SCHOOL AND LIFE.

MOREOVER, the immense amount of new knowledge that has of recent years been acquired on all such matters has raised them to a real art and science. It is true that special courses in domestic science are available after a girl has completed her schooling; but these only touch a limited number, and are an additional expense that can ill be afforded by many parents. Subjects that will form such an integral part of practically every woman's life should surely

be interwoven with the whole educational life of a girl.

For many reasons it is by some considered almost a disaster that married women are being driven out of the teaching profession, this is certainly felt to be the case amongst a great many parents.



A boy's school life is to a large extent dominated by games and athletics.

healthy, a pleasant pastime, and teach the lessons of give and take; but they should not be raised to a place of undue importance in the life of a girl. Physical fitness can be acquired by many other means; team games were invented and developed to meet the needs of growing boys, and those needs

Ourselves and the U.S.A.

*By Lt.-Col. Sir M. Archer-Shee,
C.M.G., D.S.O.*

*The British Empire and the
United States can agree together,
without jealousy and with mutual
benefit, to avoid every kind
of disagreement by conference.*

UNFORTUNATELY, misunderstandings have arisen between the British Empire and the United States, which, though not in themselves of any real importance, tend in the aggregate to create an atmosphere which, if it does not amount to open hostility, is certainly one of discord and discontent.

While it is perfectly true that the British Empire and the United States are commercial rivals, it is also true that the British Empire, as a whole, is far and away the best customer for the United States export trade. One would think, therefore, that commercial rivalry held no reason whatever for bitter feelings on either side. In all countries men engaged in commerce are rivals of each other without hatred or bitterness.

So far as England is concerned, it must be obvious that self-interest alone is sufficient to prove that it is inconceivable, from the British point of view, that we should wish to attack the United States, or that we would go to war with the United States, unless the United States as a nation, speaking through their accredited representatives, should make impossible and insulting demands.

Empire owing to the investment of American capital in British dominions and in the home country itself. It would appear, however, that the investment of the surplus wealth of the United States in the British Empire is of enormous advantage to the British Empire and also to the maintenance of that friendly and peaceable feeling which, for over one hundred years, has been the guiding factor in our mutual relations.

AMERICAN INVESTMENTS.

IN the middle of the nineteenth century a very great quantity of British capital was invested in American industries. Were the Americans foolish enough to try and prevent British capital coming into their country? On the contrary, they welcomed it, to the very great advantage of both countries, although by their protectionist policies they kept their own market as far as possible to themselves.

Therefore I say that the enormous investments of the United States in Canada and in England and Australia and South Africa are all to the good, to the benefit of the

Empire, and the benefit of American investors.

WAR UNTHINKABLE.

OBVIOUSLY, when a nation has tremendous financial stakes in countries where people speak the same language, where their laws, though differing, are not dissimilar, where stability of government exists, as it does exist, in each and every part of the British Empire—then it would seem to be practically unthinkable that relations should be strained to such an extent as to render war possible. The horror of civil war between the English-speaking peoples would transcend the horrors of the worst war so far; it would bring joy to the hearts of many other nations who are jealous of both branches of the English-speaking people.

How is it possible for people to attempt to estrange the people of the United States from the people of the British Empire? That is one of the enigmas of life. The British Empire and the United States can agree together, without jealousy, with mutual benefit, and with the determination to avoid every sort of disagreement by conference.

All we need is a very simple thing—the goodwill of the citizens of both countries, a cessation of bickering and tail-twisting, and a firm determination to stop the rot.

Europe from Mayfair and Main Street

THESE two novels explain each other. Neither explains itself. Mr. Sinclair Lewis gives a brisk and cleanly cut picture of an American business man and his wife touring, with a purpose, a Europe peopled by unrecognisable Europeans. Mr. Maurice Baring gives us an intimate picture of the real Europe of the pre-war epoch so exclusively peopled by authentic cosmopolitans of the kind that move in diplomatic society that the novel never comes to life.

Cosmopolitan society, after all, has a meaning only in reference to the real activities of those who belong to it: Mr. Maurice Baring gives us an eternal tea-party on an everlasting Sunday afternoon. If Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Samuel Dodsworth could have been plunged into the middle of it . . . But then there would have been no sex interest in the novel, and presumably it would be read by fewer people.

As it is, poor Mr. Dodsworth at the age of fifty brings his forty-year-old wife to Europe just at the time when, having brought up her children and tired of her husband, she is ripe for adventure; Fran Dodsworth starts off with the best intentions. She means to build an adventure out of new scenes and surroundings. She has been the uncrowned queen of Zenith and is pardonably tired of so pinchbeck a kingdom. But on the boat she meets and falls a victim to the sardonic masterful charms of as perfect a specimen of the penny novelette villain as it has been my pleasure to encounter since the age of ten.

Major Lockart is, quite plausibly, the type of man one may meet on a boat. He is, quite uniquely, the type of man one never meets off a boat unless one practises at the Criminal bar. In the book, however, he introduces the Dodsworths to peers and politicians of the same degree of verisimilitude, and at extraordinary parties the unfortunate Sam Dodsworth sits miserably silent, feeling for all the world like a new boy at a public school.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PARIS.

THEN on to Paris, when, after a pleasant interlude where they meet some other Americans, the author has another shot at "society," though with a little more discretion. His wife has already narrowly escaped a *liaison* with the sardonic Major Lockart, and, after hovering on the brink for a month or two in Paris, takes advantage of Dodsworth's absence in America to fall only too literally into the arms of an improbable cavalier of the name of Israel.

This brings Sam hurrying back to Paris, from which haunt of elegance and vice Fran is whirled off on a tour which ends some months later at Berlin. Again a convenient absence and another "affair." This time they separate and Dodsworth and Mr. Baedeker, now well worn, potter round (with

BOOKS TO READ.

Black Democracy, by H. P. DAVIS. Allen and Unwin. 20s.

The House of Memories, by LADY WILSON. Heinemann. 6s.

The Pagans of North Borneo, by MAJOR OWEN RUTTER. Hutchinson. 30s.

Curious Trials and Criminal Cases, from Socrates to Scopes by E. H. BIERSTADT. Hutchinson. 18s.

The Sable and the Girl, by J. WEYSENHOFF. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

MW-XX3, by ROWLAND PERTWEE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Nile Gold, by JOHN KNITTEL. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Hector Duval, by COLLINSON OWEN. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

"Dodsworth." By Sinclair Lewis. (Cape, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Coat Without Seam." By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.)

By DOUGLAS JERROLD

occasional love affairs) till he meets the widow of an English diplomat at Venice.

Fran, left in Berlin with her lover, pleads suddenly to be rescued, and the excellent Sam, leaving his loving widow speechless, returns with his first choice to America. Then—still more improbably—he gives it up. Fran starts her fourth affair on the boat and Sam returns to Italy.

A good rousing story with a quite exceptionally unattractive heroine exceedingly well drawn. But

what of Sam Dodsworth and his "reactions" to Europe? Sam is a simple soul; he really enjoys his ruins, he means to understand everything and everyone. Everyone likes him. But the people he meets are neither fish, flesh nor fowl. We hear a lot about culture—a German professor even gives a lecture on it—but there is not a breath nor a whisper of it over the whole wide scene of poor Dodsworth's wanderings.

There isn't a character in the book except Dodsworth himself (stimulated very creditably by Baedeker) who has the slightest glimmering of an idea of what Europe is or means. Sinclair Lewis's Europe is just about as much like Europe as the Grand Hotel is like Paris or the Adlon like Berlin or the bar of the Majestic at Cannes like a drawing-room in the Faubourg St. Germain.

When Mr. Sinclair Lewis makes poor Sam turn his back on his own country, his honest and decent friends and his useful work for this incredibly futile exile, one can only shake one's head. And I am certain that Sam Dodsworth is shaking his pretty hard by now, unless, like a wise man, he has cut and run.

MR. BARING'S METHOD.

MR. BARING'S Europe raises a different problem. Mr. Baring, as Mr. Desmond McCarthy has well pointed out, is the only English novelist who can be described by that very descriptive epithet, cultivated. He knows Europe as few of our novelists know even upper-middle-class England.

He understands intuitively how Frenchmen, Germans, Russians and Italians of the different classes one counts in society can be

expected to behave. But he is not a society novelist. He is not interested in the rules of the social game, nor even in breaking them. The episodes he gives so inimitably are always aimless, rootless, related to no past; careless of the present.

As I said before, they have as much vitality as a suburban tea-party. The reason for this is perfectly simple. Mr. Baring presents just isolated glimpses of society on the occasions when his hero timorously puts his nose into it, only to withdraw it again. What we are given is a series of imagined cross-sections of a living tree, nowhere presented whole, from the roots up.

One suspected Mr. Baring of being disinterested in roots, which are earthy, and he is certainly disinterested in tree-tops. His heroes all suffer from a chronic disinclination to climb anywhere. They prefer to remain, like Christopher Trevening in "The Coat Without Seam," hovering on the outskirts of life, tormented by a slightly superior conscience and a slight inferiority complex.

A SNOB AS HERO.

CHRISTOPHER TREVENING is, of course, a snob: that is his trouble. He is not quite a gentleman and not quite a journalist, and these facts worry him in a way which would have been impossible had he been wholly one or the other. Or, to be more accurate, other people's recognition of the facts. Mr. Baring is "modern" in the sense that he is obsessed by his hero's worries, but not modern in the sense that his hero does worry occasionally over things worth worrying about.

As a callow private secretary to a Member of Parliament anxious to be treated as a mature man of the world moving among his equals, he is rather insufferable, but as an amateur journalist refusing to swallow his conscience or to sacrifice

his friendship with a woman old enough to be his mother, to his own advancement, he deserves the sympathy which his author so liberally extends to him.

At every crisis of his life he has come upon some part of the legend of the Seamless Coat, a relic preserved in the parish church in France where he went to Mass as a boy.

I said that these two books explained each other. Mr. Sinclair Lewis wanted to describe Mr. Baring's Europe. Mr. Baring wanted to draw a convincing picture of a thwarted personality. If someone could have put Dodsworth in Mr. Baring's Rome we might have got a great work.



The Hon. Maurice Baring, whose new novel, "The Coat Without Seam," is reviewed on this page.

The YACHT



"An angry man's always a beast."

At every word spoken by Muriel, Joyce's cheeks burned hotter and hotter. She had never been so indignant. But she had begun by being embarrassed, for Muriel was ten years older than herself, and Muriel had been telling her something which—if another person had even hinted as much—would have made Joyce furious with loyal disbelief. It was because she had first been embarrassed that Joyce was now so angry.

"It's disgraceful!" cried Joyce. "He must be perfectly horrible. Horrible! A beast! But what I can't understand—" She checked her impulsive tongue. "Muriel, it seems—"

Watching that glowing face under the golden hair, the elder woman's lips grew a little hard.

"It always seems incredible when you wake up to what you've been doing," said she. "You think that because Tom's a dear, I must be perfectly happy. Well, so I am. But you don't understand. You can't imagine yourself doing the same thing. You think you'll never be bored when you're married, and never be thankful for the amusement of a love affair. Well, it may be so. I don't pretend to be a saint."

She was sneering a little at the thought that Joyce, at two-and-twenty, should despise her; and Joyce, quick as a dragon-fly, caught the tone, and blurted out her perception.

"You think I'm being priggish. I'm not. I'm sorry you had anything to say to such a man. Because he's such a beast."

"A beast now," murmured Muriel. "Very sweet while it lasted. And men show their roughness—He's angry. That's what it is. And an angry man's always a beast."

"He needn't be a cad," flashed Joyce. "Oh, Muriel, I wish you'd just tell Tom. If you showed him it was really nothing at all—"

Muriel smiled.

"Innocent child," she said, drily. "To think a man ever forgives his wife. Tom would always distrust me. He'd think—all sorts of things. Besides, you haven't seen the letters! Oh, no, Joyce—"

"I should—" began Joyce. "If it had happened to me."

"What you mean is that it would never happen to you. I don't think it would. You're too straight. And too pretty, my dear, to be

grateful to a man for loving you when your husband's out of the way." Muriel spoke bitterly, and she looked bitter. And at this moment she did not look at all pretty, for her cheeks were pale, her eyes were swollen, her lips were a hard line. She was afraid, and she

was on the defensive, and she was desperate.

"Why I told you, I don't know," she continued. "Yes I do, though. I told you because I couldn't help myself. I'm at my wits' ends. I don't know what to do. Sometimes I think I'll throw myself into Southampton Water. I think if Rex saw my body floating by he'd be sorry. I think he'd repent."

"Far better make him repent while you're still alive!" declared Joyce, with spirit.

"Well, what am I to do?" asked Muriel. "You're young. You've got all sorts of notions in your head. What am I to do?"

"Get the letters back, of course!" cried Joyce. "Make him give them up. Surely he'd do it?"

"He's angry. He swears he'll give them to Tom. And, oh, Joyce, I wish I'd got some courage! If I'd got the courage, I'd steal them! I know where they must be." For a moment she had brightened. Then her shoulders drooped again. "I daren't risk it. No, Joyce I'll have to go through with it. And Tom's such a dear, and so cruelly kind, that he'll probably—" The tears sprang to her eyes. "I'm a beast to cause him such suffering. A beast!"

There was a kind of unction in her tone, as though she took some satisfaction in calling herself a beast. Joyce shook her head.

"Well," she said, frankly. "I think you ought to try and get them back for Tom's sake. After all, he's done nothing. And he's the one who's going to be made unhappy!"

"What about me?" demanded Muriel.

"The letters would ruin me!"

"Then get them back!" cried Joyce, fiercely.

"I can't. I haven't the courage!"

That was why, amid those scarlet cheeks, Joyce's eyes suddenly blazed. For if Muriel really hadn't the courage to steal the letters, there was only one thing to be done. Somebody else—somebody who had the courage—must undertake the task. Somebody else—that meant Joyce Carstairs!

"Tell me this," she cried excitedly. "You say his yacht's here, in the harbourage. What's it called? What's it like? Where is it? And where are the letters?"

"Joyce!" screamed Muriel. "What are you thinking about?"

MIDNIGHT! Upon these summer days the light was long in fading, and it was barely dark as Joyce put off in the borrowed dinghy. She was an experienced oarswoman, and she rowed quietly and without fuss. Moreover, the tide was just turning, so that the little

A search for some compromising letters leads to a mistake as to the name of the yacht on which they are supposed to be hidden, and an unusual situation arises with what might have been disastrous results.

craft floated buoyantly, and carried her quickly enough away from the shore. But the grey light was confusing. Joyce peered over her shoulder every few moments with something like dread. If she should miss the *Wombat* in this curious deceptive light! If she should row on and on without finding the white yacht, couched in the darkness! Shivering, Joyce gritted her teeth.

"Silly!" she admonished. "Idiot!" Then: "Well, if it could have been done any other way—"

Silence followed. The soft plash of her oars in the smooth water, the oily blackness so near the rowlocks, and the unknown dimness behind her, were all a chill to Joyce's ardent spirit. But she was not afraid. She was determined. All the same, however, as she slid easily past the side of first one small yacht, lying there so peacefully, and then another, she needed all her nerve and experience of the water.

Muriel had described with such minuteness the situation of the yacht, and its appearance, that Joyce had felt it would be easy to find. But this misty greyness altered all things. It was impossible to be sure that she would be able to recognise the *Wombat* when she saw it. *Wombat, Wombat, Wombat.* Joyce's memory was busy. What was that?

Across her shoulder she had caught sight of a small low white yacht. The yacht was lying idly in the stream, swinging round upon her mooring-line, in darkness. She seemed to be deserted, portholes black, everything lashed fast, doomed to stay in port for days yet. Could this be she? What if, having scrambled upon deck, Joyce could not make her way within? Was this the *Wombat*? It would be absurd enough to miss the ship in the gloom, and have to row back. Coming close under the stern, Joyce peered at the small gold letters which gave the yacht's name. What? With difficulty she spelt out a "W" and then an "O" and an "M." *Wombat!*

Bump! The dinghy had come into contact with the stern of the yacht, and was likewise swaying in the changing current. Joyce stood up in the tubby little boat. Her fingers could just reach a projecting piece of woodwork. Easy! She must make no mistake, or she would be in the water! So, so, she had the painter in her hand. A knot, such as sailors make; and she would be secure. How fortunate there was as yet no moon, and there were clouds in the east.

Joyce was shivering a little now, for the adventure had begun in earnest.

She was aboard, and crouching down, lest somebody upon the deck of a neighbouring yacht should detect the slight figure creeping over the rail and along the deck of the *Wombat*. Her grey frock was inconspicuous, but her face might be betrayed by any passing light. How still it was! Silence—it seemed to echo!

By Frank Swinnerton

Her hand was upon a small knob. The knob was turning, and the door was yielding. Why, the key was in the lock. How ridiculous! It was as though the path had been made easy for her! The door was unlocked, and a short stairway was yawning below her. Did that mean that somebody was upon the yacht? Joyce's heart seemed to rise in her mouth. Crack! What was that? She held her breath, listening.

THE yacht was empty! Creeping gently across the first cabin she came to, Joyce peered into another, smaller cabin. A bunk was to be seen, with the bedding all prepared, as if for some occupant, but nobody was in the bunk. She switched on an electric torch, found that there was an electric light switch at her hand, and flooded the smaller cabin with light. Then she drew across the port-hole a green curtain which hung there. At last, drawing her breath, she surveyed the cabin. It was small, but comfortable. Quiet, and not without taste. But it was the home of a cad.

Well, there was no time to waste. Muriel had said that there was a bureau in one of the cabins. What was that? Surely, if not a bureau, it was a receptacle for letters? The lid was up, but it yielded to her touch. A nest of drawers was revealed. With a cry of delight, Joyce bent forward, her quick fingers busy.

But the first drawer was empty. The second drawer held two plain envelopes. Joyce's spirit began to sink. The third drawer was crowded with pieces of paper, as if a number of them had been hastily scrambled together. The first was a bill; the second a series of calculations—stupid! What! Did a man mix his love-letters with sums? She impatiently tossed the calculations aside.

At last she found a letter. But it was not what she wanted. The writing was unformed, like that of a child. She read: "Dear Dad, I thought you would like to have a line to say—" So he was married! fumed Joyce, feeling hot with indignation. Married, and intriguing with a married woman! The beast! It made matters all the worse! Poor Muriel!

Another letter: "Dear Father, Hoping you are well"—why, the writing upon this page was different from the writing upon the earlier page. He had two children, both of them young. They did not even know how to spell! "We had a beeno." A third! "Dear Old Dad, We all send our best, and wish you was here—"

ANGRILY, Joyce threw the letters aside. These were not the ones she wanted. They horrified her, because they showed how

great a hypocrite the man was. But nothing more. She understood less and less what Muriel could have imagined—

This was a more likely hand! There was nothing unformed about it. A woman's writing, and a woman's scent! "Dear Chim, I am so sorry not to have been able to write to you until now, but the children have all been suffering—" That must be from his wife.

drawer. But, as she did so, she came quite suddenly upon a small packet of letters, tied together. Trembling, she caught at the piece of pink silk ribbon which bound the letters. And as she did this, her blood seemed to freeze; for she became aware of something which she had hitherto been too absorbed in search to notice. It was the soft thud-thud of footsteps! Were they aboard the *Wombat*? The floor of the cabin began faintly to waver. There was a slight movement, as if the yacht were in motion. A scream rose to Joyce's lips, and was strangled. She leapt across the cabin, the packet of letters in her hand, and switched off the light.

An instant later she was out in the larger cabin. High above her head she could see the blackness of the sky, remote and terrifying. The yacht was in motion, and there was a low voice to be heard. Dizzy with alarm, she ran up on deck, and, like a shadow, stole to the stern. Where was her dinghy? The water was swirling as the yacht moved through it, and she could detect the white cream of a wake; but the dinghy was gone.

She heard the creak of cordage, felt the waft of a sail above her head, had the impression of a figure in the darkness. And away to her right Joyce could see a greater darkness which she knew to be the shore, and her brain leapt to the consciousness that she must act instantly. If she did not do so, she would be carried away, perhaps to sea, on board the yacht of a cad and a monster. The slightest hesitation would be fatal. Immediately, she ran to the side of the yacht, and steadied her feet for the dive. But she did not know that she had screamed at the discovery that her dinghy was missing, and just as she was preparing to leap, a quick strong hand caught her arm.

"Hey!" called a rough voice in her ear.

Joyce flung out the other arm, and dealt her captor a blow. He reeled, but his hand did not loosen its clasp.

"No," said the rough voice. "Not so fast. What are you after?"

"Let me go!" choked Joyce.

"What's this? Letters? Good God! D'you mean to say you've been rifling—I say! What awful cheek!"

"Let me go!" gasped Joyce.

"By no means," said the voice, which came from a very sturdy man in a reefer coat. She could tell that he smelt of tobacco such as her father smoked, that his hands were powerful, his shoulders broad, and his voice strong. "I've got the tide, and I'm going to miss it for nobody on earth!"

"You coward!" struggled Joyce, desperately.

The man laughed.

"Oh, yes," he agreed. "But not a fool. Why, you little thief, how do I know what you've got there? Might be something frightfully private! Damn!"



"She slid easily past the side of first one yacht, and then another . . ."

Poor thing! As much injured as Tom—more injured, in fact!

Desperately, Joyce sought on. But nothing was here resembling Muriel's hand. Always "Dear Dad" or "Dear Father." Why, the man must be a monster! Hundreds of children—ungrammatical—stupid—"I tell you, we larked like anything. Poor old Jim, he was as mad as a hatter—" "And there was Nutty, all poshed up, head over heels in the mud. We nearly died laughing—" Horrible children! The sort of children— But nothing from Muriel!

Her teeth were now chattering again with excitement, and her heart was sinking. She seemed to be getting to the bottom of the

The exclamation had been caused by a hail from the bows.

"Right!" bawled Joyce's captor. Then, to her, he added: "Look here, I've got to do something with you till we are clear. You'll have to go down below—see?"

"I shan't!" cried Joyce.

"Oh, yes, you will!" answered the man. "Come on!"

He gave her arm a little twist; Joyce shuddered and shrank away. She would have fought, but he put an arm that seemed to be of steel about her, and she was helpless. Stumbling, and struggling still, she was drawn to the companion, ignominiously crushed to the breast of the rough-coated man, and pushed into the first cabin.

AN endless time passed. Panting, ruffled, and frightened, Joyce stood once more in the middle of the cabin, her breath coming sobbingly, her teeth clenched, her cheeks white with anger and fear. Too late she realised the risk she had run in coming aboard the yacht to save her friend's honour.

From the porthole, which was far too small to be of any use for escape, she could see the darkness moving. Joyce knew that any cry of hers would be unheard, or would be taken for the cry of a seagull, so thin would it sound across the water. Hopeless, therefore, to cry out!

She must be very calm. Perhaps, if she were adroit, she would be able to get away; perhaps she could persuade this man to give her the letters for which she had come. If she could do that, she might yet triumph! No sooner had she thought of this than Joyce began to hope. She listened for the first sound of her captor's approach. The thought that he would continue obdurate never so much as entered her head.

And just as Joyce was trying to think of a way in which to accomplish her purpose, she heard a step. Bracing herself, she heard the door unlocked, and drew back her head high.

The man entered, still in the rough coat against which she had felt her face pressed, and in which her fingers had been twisted in vain. Quickly, proudly, Joyce glanced at his face, for she was curious to see what manner of a man he was. What she saw was a heavy frown, and dark, threatening eyes; but the face was otherwise less terrifying than she had expected. It was a rather round, and certainly was a very rosy face. The mouth, which at present was firmly set, was very clean cut. Fair hair surmounted the whole, in a little careless sweep.

She was surprised that the man who had behaved so disgracefully, who had a wife and large family, and who had been attracted by Muriel, should look so young; but she was filled with dread by his sharp, hard glance at herself. The words which she had planned to say trembled upon her lips, and did not come. Not fear, but a kind of shame checked her from speech. Only when she recalled this man's caddish behaviour could she bring herself to the point of facing those accusing eyes and challenging the rough-coated man with spirit.

"NOW," said the stranger, grimly, "you'd better put out of your head any notion that you can get off the ship. You can't. We're well under way, now. And I want to know how you got here, and what you're after."

"It's no good talking to me like that," answered Joyce, defiantly. "No good bullying. I shan't answer you!"

She saw the man's eyebrows jump; saw something that looked like an uncontrollable smile pass over his lips and disappear. But his tone was still harsh.

"On the other hand," he said, "it's no good

your trying to brazen it out. I caught you stealing. You don't seem to realise that. I expect I could have you put in prison."

Was Joyce mistaken? Did his shoulders heave a little, as if he stifled a laugh? Swift indignation seized her.

"Don't laugh!" she cried. "I'm quite serious."

"Oh, don't make any mistake. I'm serious enough," he answered. "And what you've been doing is serious enough."



As she did this her blood seemed to freeze.

Joyce glared at him.

"Hateful man!" she exclaimed. "I wonder you can look at me!"

"Why not?" demanded the stranger. "I'm looking at a thief. You seem to think it's I who am in the wrong. It's not. It's you."

"If you want to know, I've been going through your letters. I came to get some. You know which ones!"

"Of all the impudence!" He seemed to be staggered. His eyes opened widely. "What on earth do you want with my letters? You talk as if it was quite a usual thing to do. A virtue, in fact. How would you like me to come and try to steal your letters?"

"This is different," said Joyce, choking. "You know it's different. I came for the letters you refused to give up. The letters you've got no right to keep."

"Oh?" He sounded ironic. "Did you find them?"

"Yes!"

"That packet? Why, you——" He checked himself. "Those letters!" He snatched the packet from her hand. "My letters!" His cheeks grew redder than before. "What impudence! D'you know what's in them?" He was extraordinarily indignant.

"No, I hadn't a chance. I've read the others—from your children!"

"My what?" He gave a loud, short laugh. "Good heavens!"

"And your wife," persisted Joyce. "I didn't read them; but I saw quite enough to be sure that you're a horrible——"

He was smoothing the packet of letters, tied with ribbon, which she had been upon the point of carrying away.

"If you'd taken these," he said, "I'd never have forgiven you!"

"I could bear that!" cried Joyce angrily.

"They don't belong to you—not morally. They belong——"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the man. "These letters are from my mother——"

"Mother!" exclaimed Joyce, scornfully.

"And my wife and children!" cried the stranger. He gave another laugh. "My wife and children!" He laughed a third time. "That's good!" he murmured. "However, I stopped you in time. You haven't anything else hidden in your pockets, have you?"

"I haven't got any pockets," answered Joyce.

"Poor thing!" said the man, unexpectedly. "No wonder you're demented!"

Fever rose to Joyce's cheeks. Controlling herself with a great effort, she said, with immense calm:

"I want those letters, please."

"Which—these? Well, you can't have them. They're mine. And I value them. They're the letters my mother wrote me while I was at school."

"I don't believe you."

HE stared fixedly at Joyce. She, seeing his stare, moved quickly to one side. Suddenly, he seemed to have an impulse of fear. He stepped towards the inner room, as if he were going to examine the little bureau from which she had taken the letters. Quick as lightning, Joyce once more seized the letters, rushed headlong to the door, was through it in a flash, and had turned the key in the lock. Then she ran up the stairs, still grasping the letters in her hand.

If only she could jump overboard with the letters, and swim to the shore! It was a desperate chance, but it was the only one. She moved to the side of the yacht, which was now moving swiftly through the water.

Nobody was upon the deck within sight. She must slip off her skirt if she was to hope to swim. Or, was there a dinghy, after all? Could she lower it? With the sound of a rattling lock, or a heavy body being thrown against the door below striking dully upon her hearing, Joyce moved desperately about the deck. For this instant she had lost her nerve. And as she heard a sudden crash from below, there came a most overwhelming incident. Smash! With a violent lurch, the yacht heeled. Her feet slithering upon the steep deck, Joyce felt herself going. Too late she grabbed at a stanchion. An instant later the cool water was over her head, choking her. The yacht swayed out, at right angles to her course, and lay over, as if she would capsize. Joyce, drowning, flung out her arms, fighting in the dim moonlight for her life.

WHAT next happened she did not know; but from above her there came a hoarse hail. Then some more shouting, as of excited men in extremity. She could see a shadow, could hear a splash.

"Hold tight!" bellowed a voice. "Hang on!"

It was as if a grampus came towards her, blowing. Then Joyce, keeping herself afloat, caught sight of a dark head in the water.

"Here I am!" she called.

"Righto!" He was nearer. She swam a little, but she was now struggling against the tide. Only a very strong swimmer could have fought that stream. As for the man, he was carried directly to her side. He was abreast of her—almost past.

"Are you swimming?" he called. "That's right! Hang on!"

His arm was outstretched.

"Hand on my shoulder!" he cried. "Don't grab. Just keep hold!"

Coolly, now that she was no longer shocked by fear into panic, Joyce did as she was told. She felt her rescuer battling against the current, heard a little grunt as he encountered the first

swirl of the water, swam with her right arm, and held his shoulder firmly with her left. Thus, struggling against the tide, they seemed to come no nearer to the yacht, which had righted herself, and, with her sails lowered, was drifting idly with the stream.

"Damn it!" spluttered the man. "See that buoy!"

Joyce caught the flash of a swinging light. The cause of the crash which had thrown her into the water was revealed to her. But she could not speak now; she was wholly engrossed in the struggle for life. And while she knew that her heart was sinking, and her strength going, the yacht loomed up above them.

"James!" hailed her rescuer.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came in answering call.

A head bobbed out of the darkness. A brilliant flash lighted up the water. Joyce saw a rope ladder dangling, saw one stout hand outstretched. They were safe! A moment later she and her companion were alongside, and she was being hoisted up to the deck from which, only a short time before, she had been thrown by the impact of the yacht with some immovable obstacle.

As they clambered aboard, she heard her rescuer say, hastily:

"How is it?"

The other man muttered something. She saw another light in the bows, knew that a third man was stooping near the second light. Then her knees seemed to give way, and she was kneeling upon the unsteady deck of the yacht, clinging to the man from whom she had so lately fled.

"Come along; we'll get you below," he said, and picked her up as if she had been a child. They were once again in the cabin. The light was brilliant, and Joyce, her head down, became aware of the clinging skirt, from which was dripping a shower of water. Her companion followed her gaze. "I say," he cried, "you'll have to change those things. Look here, here's my cabin. Take your things off. You'll find towels there. You'll have to put on some things of mine. Find 'em in the lockers. Sorry, and all that—"

He looked away. "I naturally haven't any women's clothes aboard. And I've got to run along and see what the damage is. We seem to have struck a buoy. They aren't sure. Damn this darkness! There you are!"

He gave her a gentle little push in the direction of the inner cabin; then turned, and was gone.

IT was half an hour before he returned, still wet, in his shirt and trousers, to find Joyce just emerging from the small cabin, dressed in a man's suit about ten sizes too large for her. She had wrung out her own frock, and carried it over her arm; but as they encountered, she looked rather timidly and defensively at the owner of the yacht. If he had laughed at her— But he did not laugh. Instead, he nodded reassuringly.

"It's all right," he said. "We're not sinking or anything. A big bump, but no damage, apparently. But what on earth we're to do about you—"

What a difference there was in his tone! He now spoke very softly, and did not seem to regard her with the same terrible fierceness that he had shown previously. Indeed, having saved her life, he was shy of her.

"Never mind me. I shall be all right," Joyce said, with equal gentleness. For one could not be fierce to one's preserver.

"We're drifting. I'll have to go on deck again. There's only three of us; and we've got to try and get to some shelter."

He was gone. It was long before he returned.

"All well," he announced. "My navigator's got the thing in hand. You'll have to put up with a little inconvenience for a few hours. Then I'll send you home."

"I'm sorry," Joyce was confused. "I'm awfully sorry, really. But look, you're still wet. Hadn't you better—"

He glanced down at himself; and Joyce stole a look at his towzled hair, and the rosy cheeks, and what seemed to her to be an aston-

ishingly sweet smile for a man with so bad a record.

"Yes, I will," he said abruptly.

He disappeared within. She sat down in the outer cabin. Then went to the foot of the stair, paused irresolutely, and returned to the cabin. What was she to do? He had certainly saved her life. She knew, only too well, that she could never have swum against that strong stream. And how did one behave to a cad who had saved one's life?

The problem was still perplexing her when she found that the young man was again by her side. Then another problem arose, for Joyce knew that her novel and capacious garments put her at a disadvantage. But she faced him frankly.

"I should have been drowned if you hadn't done that," she said. "It was good of you."

"That's all right," he answered uncomfortably. "But I couldn't have done anything if you hadn't been so jolly plucky. I'm sorry you had a wetting."

"Your letters," Joyce faltered. "When I fell I dropped them."

"I found them on the deck. See?" He picked up the little bundle, which Joyce had not noticed. "You didn't seem to believe they were from my mother. Or perhaps you thought I was just sentimental for keeping them. But, as a matter of fact, my mother was very dear to me. She was my best pal; and she died soon after I left school. So I kept all the scraps



She was surprised that the man should look so young.

I could find. I prize them."

Joyce's eyes flashed with sudden scorn.

"D'you mean that you still—"

"Read one of 'em," urged the young man.

His tone was surprisingly warm, as if with indignation. What! Did he expect her to believe—?

"My Dear Boy," she read. "I was so glad to have your letter, although it was so short. Rudolf certainly doesn't mince matters, does he! But he is a very jolly boy, and I am glad that you have him for a friend. You know, one of the things that pleases me is that whenever I have seen one of your friends, I have found him to be a boy that I like. Reassuring to a mother, my son! Not that I needed any reassurance about you. Still, it is a delightful thing for a mother to discover that her boy has such good taste in friends. He seems to pick the right chums at sight—and to keep them. A marvellous trait! It makes her hopeful for that boy's future. May you do as much when it comes to choosing a wife! Dear girl! I wish I may live to see her!"

"I say, what a charming woman!" she stammered.

"Convinced?" asked the stranger coolly.

"Well, I can't make it out!" declared Joyce frankly.

He gave her a keen glance, and looked very handsome as he did so—handsome and very young.

"You've got some down on me," grumbled the young man. "I don't know what it is. What do you know about me? I don't know you, do I?"

"You see, it's what I know," she urged.

"For instance?" he asked.

"Well," said Joyce. And stopped. Her mind flashed a signal. "Well, take all those letters from your children," she added, hardening again.

He shouted with laughter.

"Marvellous!" he cried. But when she drew herself up, her head fully five feet from the ground, he explained. "You must think I've got about twenty children! What a suspicious girl you are! You see, I was among the last boys to get into the Army during the War. I was really only a kid, and we—well, I don't mean to suggest that I did any fighting. Being so juvenile, I . . . they made rather a pet of me, and called me the Father of the Regiment. All the boys called me that. So when they write to me they call me 'Father' or 'Dad.' Doesn't mean anything, you know. Only that they like to keep in touch with old comrades. They let me know what they're doing—"

"O-o-oh!" It was not an incredulous cry this time. Joyce saw that he *must* be telling the truth.

"Like to read one or two?" he asked.

"No. Look here," began Joyce. "There's something else I must ask you—"

"There's one or two things I want to ask you," interrupted the young man.

"The first of them is, what about something to eat?"

"Eat!" Joyce surveyed that round and innocent face, from which every trace of a frown had disappeared. This boy a villain? Did one eat with cads who had betrayed the trust of one's friends? And yet how hungry she was! Her head was shaken. "All right, James," he said, through the hatch. "You can lay the table for two."

WITHIN five minutes, the silent and wooden-faced James, that man whose hand she had so frantically caught at the top of the rope ladder, had set before them, upon a spotless cloth, a meal so refreshing that Joyce felt her eyes protruding.

"I say!" breathed Joyce, amazed.

"Do you always live like this?"

Her host coloured.

"Like it?" he asked eagerly. "After all, one must live. I ought to have offered you a cocktail, but as a matter of fact, I don't care for James's cocktails. Or any cocktails on this side of the Atlantic. So I don't keep the ingredients aboard. But this wine's all right. It's Mouton Rothschild."

"Hm," murmured Joyce. She was beginning to feel better. And as she felt better she remembered her danger and the purpose with which she had come on board the yacht. She thought she noticed the young man looking at her with something more than curiosity. "Look here," she said, bluntly. "I ought not to be eating your food and drinking your wine."

"Well, it's odd, but I don't see anything else to be done," he told her. "I mean—"

"I'm doing it because you saved my life."

"You mustn't talk to me like that," she said, sharply. "I ought to tell you that I'm a friend of Muriel's."

She was watching him closely to see the effect of her words, and was sure that he started.

"What? Muriel Taylor's? I say, how topping!"

"And I've come for the letters."

"Letters?" he cried. "I've got no letters. What d'you mean?" His face had become unreadable.

"I think you must feel that it's a duty you owe her," said Joyce, pleadingly. "After all, there's no gain to you in making mischief with Tom. Tom's the dearest man in the world—except my father—"

"I agree," said the young man.
 "Well, then," pleaded Joyce. "Don't you see—" She stretched her hands appealingly across the table; and the young man, after looking at the hands for an instant, laid his own upon them. At this, because a strange thrill shot through her, Joyce withdrew the hands hurriedly. What! With the example of Muriel before her!
 "I wouldn't hurt Tom for worlds," said the young man. "But—"

"You're only trying to hurt her, then! But why should you? She hasn't done you any wrong. Well, she hasn't *intended*—"

The young man gave a sigh.

"What do you suggest that I should do, then?" he asked, gently.

"Give me the letters!" cried Joyce. "It's the only way."

"My dear young lady—" began her host.

"And I'll give them to Muriel. She'll burn them. And nobody will be a pin the worse."
 "But I say—" he stammered. "The fact is, I'd do anything in the world you wanted. Only, short of writing some letters myself, I don't see how I can give you anything to burn. Because, you see—" He had taken her hands in his own.

"You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he began breathlessly. "I think that whatever you asked me to do—"

THERE came a sharp knocking at the door with the burst lock. "Sorry, sir," apologised James, looking woodenly before him, as he had done when he laid the table. "But there's a launch on the beam, hailing us. Like thunder, sir. Telling us to stop."

"Well, tell them to go to blazes!" instructed the young man, as if this interruption had been a crime.

"Yessir, I did, sir," said the man. "Er, I fancy . . . er . . . I rather fancy it's the young lady's father, sir!"

"Good lord!" ejaculated the young man. "Here's a go!"

"Good lord!" she echoed. "Here's a go!"

Quite suddenly her heart began to race. She looked at the stranger, and her lips trembled. Then she laughed. And then the young man laughed.
 "If daddy sees me in these things," Joyce whispered, so that James should not hear. "He'll never believe we haven't been introduced!"

An instant later she was on deck, standing by her host's side, and looking down at the small electric launch, which was panting along abreast of the yacht, not a dozen yards away.

"Hey, daddy!" she shouted. "Hey!"

It was at this moment that she caught sight of a second figure in the launch, seated beside her father in the bows, and partly drenched by the spume of white water which the boat was cutting in her progress. It was Muriel!

MR. LOCKERY, following Muriel, caught at the small rope ladder by which he was forced to climb to the deck of the yacht. When he had done so, he gave a single glance at the young owner of the yacht, and ignored him. But he took his daughter in his arms, and she heard him murmur, "Thank God!"

"My dear!" exclaimed Muriel, catching sight of Joyce's strange clothing, and taking the hand which Joyce, imprisoned, extended to her. "Whatever has happened?" She looked from Joyce to the young man; and her expression changed. "Why, Jacky!" she cried. "You! Oh, how lovely! But this is an unexpected—I didn't know you two even knew each other!" She seized the young man's hands. "When did you get here? Well, this is a bit of luck. Tom will be crazy with joy!"

Joyce stared. Even Mr. Lockery, now that he held Joyce in his arms, and knew she was safe, softened a little. While Muriel looked with new esteem at Joyce.

"How on earth did you two get to know each other—" she was beginning, when Joyce took a bold plunge.

"Daddy," she said, heroically. Her eyes were shining, she drew her father forward. "This is Jacky!"

The two men bowed—or at least Jacky bowed. "Yes, Jacky Venables, you know, Mr. Lockery," added Muriel quickly.

All this time Joyce's head was whirling. "Jacky! Jacky!" she was thinking. "Jacky Venables! But Muriel said his name was *Rex*! There's some mistake!"

"I think we're entitled to an explanation," suddenly said Mr. Lockery, "even from an old friend of yours, Muriel. And apparently an old friend of Joyce's."

Joyce's heart gave a jump. She put her hand to her father's lips.

"Daddy, don't!" she cried. "You don't understand! Jacky's all that's kind and good and honourable. He's just saved my life. That's why I'm wearing Jacky's clothes!"

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Lockery. "Are you? Why, so you are! Where are your own, child? Oh, I say, we must get you home again, and to bed. A chill—"

"Sh!" Joyce checked him. "Jacky fished me out of the water. And I'm as dry as a bone. In fact, we were just having supper when you—when you turned up."

"Turned up!" Muriel looked aside, smiling broadly. She had a quick eye. And a quick ear.

"Jacky, take father down below, and show him the supper. Perhaps he'd like some!" commanded Joyce.

JACKY obediently jerked his head interrogatively at Mr. Lockery. But what Joyce had intended to effect was not so much the removal of her father as his distraction from herself. Her heart was beating very fast, and her cheeks were burning in the darkness; and she wanted to speak to Muriel.

"Muriel," she gasped. "The letters—"

"What on earth happened?" whispered back Muriel. "I've been nearly out of my mind. Letters? Oh, I've got them. They've come. They're burnt. Bother the letters. I've been much too worried about you to mind anything else. Rex left this evening, about eight. The *Wombat* has a motor, you know. He sent them over to me, saying he'd gone. I only got them as I was going to bed. So I ran round to you—and couldn't catch you. I told your father that you'd got some wild scheme—. We set out at once. Found the dinghy, heard a yacht had been seen going out. Chased it. Frightfully thrilling, of course, but horrible, my dear. And here we are. But what happened, darling? And how did you come to be on Jacky's yacht? Awfully clever of you, of course, because he's the most charming boy."

"Isn't this the *Wombat*?" whispered back Joyce. "It said it was."

She heard the wheeze of Muriel's excited laughter.

"No, my dear, this is certainly not the *Wombat*. And did you think Jacky—" Another peal of laughter checked her speech. "Fancy thinking poor Jacky was *Rex*!"

"I've been reading his letters," whispered Joyce.

"My dear! Has he got any? Oh, well, I know. But Jacky! Why, Jacky's as straight as a die!"

"I know he is!" cried Joyce indignantly. She was again hot and embarrassed—as the result of Muriel's laughter and arch tones. "I always did know it—from the first moment—. He's splendid! And he jumped into the water—"

"Well! Good for Jacky! And lucky Jacky! But he's always saving life. It's his hobby."

"Aren't we rather wasting time, Joyce?" asked Mr. Lockery, appearing unexpectedly from the gloom. "I shan't be happy till I get you home."

JOYCE turned upon him, with something that would have been impatience if it had been less gentle.

"I'm quite all right Daddy. And I hope you've thanked Jacky for saving my life—"

"I hope I've shown some appreciation of his efforts—" But Mr. Lockery was not expansive. She could not imagine that he had done more than grip Jacky's hand, without speech. "And now I think you might come in the launch with us."

"Oh, but my clothes—I can't leave them—"

"Mr. Lockery," murmured Muriel, close to her ear. "I think—mind, I'm not sure, but I think—that Joyce would rather stay on board the yacht. Even if it means a night on board. Hush! Be tactful! I'll be chaperon! We'll all stay!"

"What?" demanded Mr. Lockery. He glanced again at Joyce and at Jacky. Something in his daughter's attitude caused him to turn abruptly away, with a groan.

"I've always been afraid of this moment," he said, in a low voice. "Oh, dear, dear!" And his shook his head.

"Come along," whispered Muriel, taking his arm. "Angelic father!"

Host and guest were left alone. They looked at the retreating figures, and heard Mr. Lockery call over the side of the yacht to the men in the launch. For a moment they were both silent—thinking hard.

"What is the name of this yacht, Mr. Venables?" she asked.

"It was Jacky a moment ago," he said, reproachfully.

Joyce could not see him very clearly.

"It has W. O. M. on it," she answered, wilfully.

"Wrong!" he cried, triumphantly. "It has *Barley Mow* on it: M. O. W. You must have read the wrong way round! I expect you were too excited to read. But don't let's talk about that. Won't you go on calling me Jacky?"

"Jacky," said Joyce, obediently. "But I've done you a great injustice."

"Colossal!" he teased. "At least, I gather so—from one or two hints you've dropped. One or two looks. One or two—. However, you've done me a great honour, too."

"But I must apologise—"

"No. Never apologise. Just tell me about it."

"Perhaps—in a long time—when I know you better—"

"Oh, but you know me very well already. At least, I feel I know you."

"Do you? How strange! So do I!"

"I mean," said Jacky. "Oh, awfully old—"

"Yes, I know—"

"In fact, quite old enough—" he stammered. "Er, quite old enough... for anything."

"Splendidly!" agreed Joyce, with warmth.

"As if we were really old friends."

"Yes," said Joyce.

"And, I mean, you know what my mother said in that letter—about my being a judge of character—. About choosing—." He gulped. "Well, what I really want to say is that I think it's grand to have you on board this little old ship. The first time. You must come again. Over and over again. I mean, if you'd care for it."

"Lovely!" exclaimed Joyce.

"You could help to sail her. She's great fun. You'd enjoy it. Look here, why shouldn't we sort of share her?"

"Oh, but Jacky!"

"No, I mean it"

"You see, I—"

"If only you'd marry me—"

"What!" cried Joyce. "Oh, you have forgiven me beautifully!"

"No, no!" he said, quick as lightning. "No, I haven't forgiven you. And shan't. Not until you say you *will* marry me. Or at least, that you'll think of it. Will you?"

WHAT could Joyce say? She looked at her father, standing in the distance, talking to Muriel as if they were far from the world. And then she tried to look at Jacky. How odd! She couldn't bring herself to look at him. How silly! And where were her hands? They seemed to be enclosed in something warm. In Jacky's hands. It was as though she were dreaming.

Suddenly, Joyce drew her hands from Jacky's keeping, but only to raise them to his breast. With her colour high, but with her eyes steady, she said very clearly.

"Of course I will, Jacky!"

She felt Jacky's first kiss upon her lips, and returned it.

END.



By Sir Michael
O'Dwyer

(Ex-Governor of the Punjab)

*Does Modern Youth lack
the old spirit of enterprise?
Judging from this cheerful
crowd, which is about to
leave Waterloo for New
Zealand, it does not.*

The Spirit of Adventure

princes. Nevertheless, the Indianisation of the Services is likely to continue, and

the opportunities for the young Briton gradually to diminish.

There is little doubt that the same condition of affairs exists in other parts of the Empire. And, naturally,

the black side of the picture looms large in the minds of those enthusiastic to make their mark. Can one wonder if our young men are not over-eager to embark on a career from which, it seems to them, they have every chance of being "axed" at short notice?

It may be argued, however, that such obstacles to service abroad apply only to public services. What is to prevent the young man from setting out on his own as a pioneer trader, farmer, or settler?

THE DOMINION ATTITUDE.

TO my mind, three factors seem to narrow this field of activity. In the first place, there is far less scope for the pioneer colonist to-day than there was when the American continent, for example, was a vast stretch of virgin forest, with ill-defined boundaries awaiting exploitation.

Strange as it may seem, there are home influences also which foster the apparent reluctance of youth to venture abroad. This, despite unemployment and overcrowding.

The "plums" that commerce offers are attracting our young men, sons of landed gentry, professional men, and many others, men who ordinarily would have found their way into one or other of the Services.

TEMPORARY WEAKNESS ONLY.

MORE serious is the fact that women's increasing alertness and competition seem to have had the curious effect of depriving the young manhood of the nation of much of its former enterprise. It is difficult to tell where this is leading us.

But tough jobs were always the joy of the Briton—jobs that call for strength of character and staying power. These still await him in many parts of the world. The spirit of adventure may not be quite so strong as in the days before the War, but I am convinced that it is still latent in the hearts of our young men.

Its weakness is merely temporary, in my opinion. It is a symptom of the pessimism that is the inevitable aftermath of war, and which already shows distinct signs of giving way to that breezy optimism that fits a heart for any fate.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at the time of the Amritsar affair, answers some pertinent queries as to the supposed softening of the British youth. Is the spirit of adventure which impelled previous generations to go in search of adventure dead? Sir Michael (in the course of an interview) while admitting the weakness considers that it is merely a temporary phase.

HAS British youth really lost its old-time spirit of adventure? I remember asking a friend of mine, a distinguished general whose ancestors had for generations been soldiers, what his boy, then at college, intended to make his profession.

"Heaven knows," was his reply. "He has taken a good degree with honours, and I wanted him to try for the Diplomatic Service. But he wouldn't even consider the suggestion. 'The Diplomatic Service exists only to make war,' he cried. 'I should like to go in for the films instead.' What can one do with an answer of that sort?"

THE EXAMPLE OF INDIA.

I HAVE heard many men of my own generation say that youth has lost every particle of that spirit of adventure to which the Empire owed so much in days gone by. They all point out that the Services, fighting and otherwise, seem to have little or no appeal for the average young man, whilst the lack of adequate response in all classes of the community to emigration schemes has long been a matter of public comment.

But my experience has taught me that before assuming that the rising generation has lost the old desire to serve the Empire in a public capacity, there are several factors which we should do well to take into account. In my opinion, one of the chief of these is the steadily growing feeling of uncertainty, dating from recent years, due to an evolutionary process that is going on in many of the lands under our sway.

prospects are much brighter than they were some years ago. Here, the difficulty is that the Indian "intelligentsia," whom we have ourselves trained, are more and more insistent in demanding the better posts for themselves, to the exclusion of the small British element. This, despite the fact that when any difficulty arises, they are the first to demand British assistance.

TIBET'S DEMAND.

WHO can blame a young man for hesitating to take the plunge abroad when, to this fact is added the knowledge that the British element in India in all the services combined, excepting only the Army, numbers 3,000 in a population of 320 millions?

Nor is the youth decision simplified when he learns that the bulk of the Indian masses show a decided preference for British officials. He does not know what to make of incidents of the kind recently brought to the notice of the Simon Commission.

A primitive tribe on the Tibetan frontier of Assam sent a suitably-clad deputation to wait on the Commission. On arrival, it informed the Commissioners that whilst the tribesmen would have preferred to be left in peace to carry on tribal warfare after the manner of their forefathers, they were willing to accept British rule on one condition. This was, that the officials should be British and not Indian!

To take the other extreme, the Indian States. It is a fact that the appointment of Indian officials as representatives of the British Government is resented by the



"The Berg," by Ernest Raymond, is based on the tragic story of the loss of the "Titanic." Godfrey Tearle, as the half-crippled philosopher, who faced death with a stout heart.

THERE is sometimes much illumination for the mere critic in the verdicts of the general public on the plays he goes to see. As, for instance, when I was at a performance of "The Circle of Chalk" at the New Theatre and heard a woman behind me exclaim: "This may be very nice but I am afraid it is all too highbrow for me."

That is the kind of remark which strikes on the brain like a ton weight, leaving a dazed and amazed impression of infinite and eternal futility. "Too highbrow!" Fortified with the armament of a long experience, educated (one hopes) by a scholarly attention to all the developments of the drama, inspired with the desire of honest and discerning interpretation and at the same time with a sort of indefeasible enthusiasm that has survived countless shocks, the critic goes forth determined to tell the world just exactly all about the play to the least nuance.

A sacred ardour possesses him: he will paint, in a lightning sketch, for his readers just what they want to know. They are panting to be led along the dramatic path, and he will be their guide. He takes the greatest pains to formulate his judgments, marshalling his arguments *pro* and *con*. And then through all this cobweb of endeavour there comes crashing such a pronouncement by one who is obviously a representative member of his congregation—"too highbrow."

A LOWBROW AFFAIR.

IF there be any less appropriate epithet for this particular show, I have yet to find it. It seems to me one of the most deliberately and assiduously lowbrow affairs that I have yet observed. True, the foundation of it is apparently an old Chinese play, but there all, if any, justification for the strange adjective stops. It contains no

Critics in the Audience

The comments of the general public, overheard in the theatre, are often strangely at variance with the judgments formulated by the professional critics.

exotic thought, no excursion into high philosophy, no tenuous hypothesis from flamboyant paradox. The whole plot is straightforward, not to say elementary, with only the differences of Oriental custom to distinguish it—though, indeed, these have an interest of their own.

A Chinese woman, who has been left destitute through her husband's suicide, sells her beautiful young daughter, Chang Hi-Tang to the proprietor of what is, in that country, euphemistically called a tea-house.

A rich merchant then buys her from the tea-house, outbidding a young and handsome youth who is, as it happens, a son or nephew of the Emperor, but the Imperial family is so extensive that he is apparently rather hard up and can't go beyond a thousand taels—whatever that may amount to. The girl becomes a dutiful and

By Maitland Davidson

favourite wife No. 2 of said merchant, one Mr. Ma, but wife No. 1, burning with envy, hatred and malice, poisons Ma and then accuses Hi-Tang of the crime, incidentally claiming the second wife's child as her own. You might think these matters would be easily disproved, but in China (at that date anyway) both witnesses and judges could be even more easily bought.



Beatrix Thomson and Wallace Geoffrey, who give fine performances in Mr. Raymond's realistic play.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

SO poor Hi-Tang, together with a revolutionary brother, is being led off to execution—their necks enveloped in a most uncomfortably penitential collar of wood called a *Kang*—when the Emperor providentially dies. The young man of the first act is by some stroke of luck chosen out of all the numerous progeny as the next one, and after a rather pleasant little judgment-of-Solomon scene Cinderella is happily united to her Prince.

If anyone calls this highbrow let the same label be forthwith attached to "Mr. Cinders," "Lucky Girl," or what you will in the way of our own indigenous musical comedy, for there is nothing between them in the way of plot, whatever there may be in music, whereof more anon. Certainly there is a great deal of talk in "The Circle of Chalk" delivered in recitative, which no one would tolerate at such length in musical comedy, but in this piece, also, I doubt if it is altogether tolerable. It is not too distinguished and tends to be tiresome, except when Mr. Laurence Olivier, the new young Emperor, or Mr. George Curzon, the hapless brother, is speaking—and then it is their diction that chiefly lends distinction to the words.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

THE fact is (to cut a long story short) the real quality of this piece consists



George Relph, Gabrielle Casartelli and Hilda Bruce Potter (left to right) in a scene from "The Berg."

almost entirely in the *décor*, which has been most delightfully done by Mr. Aubrey Hammond, with Mr. Ernest Irving's Chinese music a good second. It is an altogether lovely spectacular show. Otherwise such opportunities as the play presents seem to me to have been wasted. There is a lot of talking, and with the exceptions named no one has, or is allowed to have, a good speaking voice, though a really melodious delivery might have carried off even these long speeches by sheer charm of rhythm, the natural music that makes some of Swinburne's often almost meaningless verse a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

There is a good deal of music, but no one can sing. Least of all Miss Anna May Wong, who was chosen as the heroine because she is of Chinese birth. But though she looks the part to perfection, she has never been to China, and her voice is the voice of New York.

It is a pity, because she is so exquisite on the silent stage. But it is not her fault, but that of whoever chose her for this

will be the reactions to this crisis of passengers and crew?

There was a chance for something largely magnificent. The author, Mr. Ernest Raymond, who wrote a fine book in "Tell England" and has done also some excellent articles on the psychology of the war, perceived the opportunity,



Frank Cellier as Lord Grenham in Frederick Lonsdale's amusing comedy, "Aren't We All?"

Phyllis Dare, who plays the part of the Hon. Mrs. W. Tatham in Mr. Lonsdale's play.



rôle, apparently ignorant of the fact that there are at least twenty English actresses who could have made themselves up to a quite convincingly Chinese appearance and really acted the part.

"Too highbrow"—and the farcical element in this piece is underlined as heavily as a politician's most urgent "whip." I should smile, as they say in Miss Wong's own country.

ETHICS OF A WRECK.

WILL "too highbrow," I wonder, be also a popular verdict on "The Berg," the play based on the wreck of the *Titanic* which so many persons *schwärm*-ed about when it first came to His Majesty's from the Q?

This is at least a play about something. It has got, indeed, an uncommonly good subject, if it were worked out in the right manner. There are big dramatic possibilities in the situation—a great liner, proceeding placidly across the ocean in all the cotton-wool calm of wealth and luxury, when suddenly disaster arrives. The vessel scrapes against an iceberg, a huge hole is ripped in her side, and in spite of watertight compartments which were supposed to make her unsinkable, she is doomed. It is a matter of only some three hours before she will slip into nothingness, too soon for any rescuing craft to reach her. What then



Peggy O'Neil and A. W. Baskcomb in the merry and bright "Merry, Merry," at the Carlton Theatre.

but has not been able to handle it on sufficiently large lines. He shows us, plausibly enough, the demeanour of some of his first-class passengers in this fatal moment. But the picture is nothing like complete, nor is it entirely convincing.

A SHIPLOAD OF HEROES.

ONE can accept the half-crippled philo-

sopher, admirably acted by Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who faces death with a trembling hand but a stout heart. Also some of the other characters who are, or sufficiently bravely pretend to be, resigned to their fate, to the extent at any rate of creating no disturbance. But we see nothing of the raw life, the panic that must inevitably have found many victims, and quite excusably so. Gathered together in the first class saloon, the *dramatis personæ* say and do politely what the author, one feels, would like them to say and do. If we are to credit him, every man on the near approach of certain death is, in spite of occasional tremors, a thoroughly gentlemanly hero.

What's more, they are all prepared to listen to an earnest and rather long-winded young parson, complete with pipe, who expounds to them his simple doctrine, while the ship is gradually sinking, and makes them all join in the Lord's Prayer in this same saloon as the final curtain falls.

BRILLIANT NOTHINGS.

BY contrast with these two plays—neither without merit, but both rather misfires—the revival of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's "Aren't We All?" at the Fortune seems a singularly brilliant and exceptionally entertaining thing. There is nothing in it, but its nothings are so scintillatingly set forth that one gets the illusion of much incident. Whereas all that really happens is that a wife, returning unexpectedly from a trip abroad, finds her perfectly respectable young husband flirtatiously kissing an attractive girl, and decides on the instant that he has ceased to love her. And after it is discovered that she herself, out in Egypt, has allowed herself to be similarly kissed, they end by being satisfactorily reunited. That's all.

But it is all so wittily written and so beautifully acted, especially by Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Frank Cellier, that one is almost persuaded into believing that this is a masterpiece in its own line. Miss Phyllis Dare as the wife—her first "straight" part for many years—seemed just a little too sedate for the play, as if she felt her responsibilities too deeply. But the migration from musical comedy to the more "legitimate" drama is surely too frequent to be taken so seriously.



Tina Miller, the beautiful Spanish dancer. Mr. Cochran predicts that she will take London by storm in his new revue at the London Pavilion.

Spring Fishing in Connemara

*Spring time in Ireland
offers the fisherman
admirable opportunities
for good sport among
charming surroundings.*



Connemara possesses natural beauty and offers great opportunities for the fisherman.

IN political and social life Ireland has ever been a country of changes and quick passions. But throughout all her chequered history two things have stood unspoilt—the beauty of her scenery and the excellence of her sport. In the last few years measures taken by the Free State Ministry of Fisheries have done much to eliminate poaching, the law is rigorously enforced by the Civic Guard, local conservators and water bailiffs are functioning nearly everywhere, and the loughs and rivers are better worth a visit now than even in the old days.

Side by side with the improvement in the roads, methods of transport have been brought up to date, and even in the West there are now motor charabancs on most of the main routes. Much as we may deplore the passing of the outside car from the sentimental point of view, one must admit that for a fifteen to twenty-mile drive it was the acme of discomfort.

A SHORT TOUR.

A GOOD starting point from either an angling or an artistic point of view is Galway, and whether travelling by road or rail the journey from Dublin has many points of interest. Passing through the Bog of Allen, with its long stretches of white bog cotton, one gets the first glimpse of the Shannon at Athlone. Thence to Galway Town is through some very fine scenery.

Time need not be wasted in Galway itself, and the visitor will be well advised to go on to Oughterard. This is an ideal spot on the shores of Lough Corrib, one of the best of the Western loughs for salmon and trout. A day or two here is well spent, for, apart from the fishing, there are many attractive places to visit, and nearly opposite Oughterard itself is Mr. Guinness's famous shoot at Cong, which has long held the record for its bags of woodcock.

From Oughterard a pleasant route is

via Recess through the heart of Joyce's Country to Leenane. In former days there was a first-class railway hotel at Recess, but it was burnt in the bad times. The fishing in the Ballynahinch water here is about the best in Ireland.

SOME SUPERB VIEWS.

LEENANE is a place which should not be missed by any visitor to the West, for in its situation on the shores of Killary Bay it combines both land and sea scenery unsurpassed in the British Isles. The drive from Oughterard and Recess is typical of all that Irish scenery can embody. One passes alternately through stretches of bog, heather, and lakeland, and at one moment seeming close, at another far distant, stretching out to the west as far as the Atlantic, is the big mountain range, rising 2,500 ft., known as the Twelve Pins.

For miles there is hardly sign of human habitation, with here and there a small thatched cottage and an occasional sheep. One may perhaps meet an odd peasant woman bent double under a heavy creel, who looks at you with the sorrows of all the ages in her eyes. If you are a stranger you will begin to understand something of the mysticism which is for ever Ireland.

Leenane possesses one of the best hotels in Ireland, and is a very good place for a fisherman to remain a few days. Anyone who does not despise pike fishing will find Lough Nafooe, in Co. Mayo, as good as he can wish for. It is famous for the number and size of its pike, and is easily accessible by motor. Lough Mask can be equally well fished from either Leenane or Oughterard. It is also well known for pike and trout, pike up to 25 to 30 lb. being quite common.

THE COUNTY MAYO.

THE next stage on the traveller's journey will take him *via* Westport and Castlebar to Lough Conn. Neither of the two places mentioned is worth stopping at out of the shooting season, but at Loughs Conn and Cullen one is in the midst of the finest scenery in Mayo. There is quite comfortable accommodation at the Inn at Pontoon, where a bridge divides the two lakes. Lough Conn is also a famous pike ground, the record fish of the British Isles (53 lb.) being caught there a few years ago. There are also plenty of trout and salmon, but the latter do not get up from the rivers till later in the year.

The main charm of Pontoon is the variety of its scenery. Overshadowed on the west by Nephin, next to Croaghpatrick, the highest mountain in the country, from the shores of the lake rise heather and bilberry covered hills, on which there are masses of silver birch. Many of the shrubs are exotic, and when the early spring flowers are out a fine day presents a very lovely picture.

Another charm consists in the varieties of birds to be seen on and round the lough. All kinds of duck, divers, redshanks, the great crested grebe, many species of gulls which come from the near Atlantic coast, and hosts of small birds too numerous to mention, can be seen in a single day, and to any bird lover it is almost worth a visit on that account alone.

Four miles away is the Moy, one of the best salmon rivers in the West, but most of it is strictly preserved. One or two beats can, I believe, be had from the Irish Land Commission, but to the short-time visitor this is scarcely of interest.

Use

MAZDA

LAMPS

and see
things in the
right light



No garden is complete without a seat. But many gardens are devoid of them because they are so expensive. Our contributor describes some artistic and economical seats.

Garden Seats

By Marion Cran

No garden can have too many seats. The above example offers a suggestion for those who are in search of a simple though comfortable wooden seat.

THE invitation of a garden seat is irresistible. "Here," it says, "come and rest in the sun; come and look upon green lawns and moving shadows; come and listen to the pleasant sound of birds and running water; come into the garden proper, which is a place of fancy roving free among sweet scents and colours, while the body rests and is forgot!"

Even a very little garden will have its own personality if it offers a seat to the weary; a dream-bench to the thinker. I have sometimes seen a small town plot invested with a real dignity because of its pleasant, hospitable bench under the shade of a solitary flowering shrub. The flagged path bordered with delphiniums and irises leading to it has almost the call of a Pilgrim's Way for the bread-winner, who comes back, at the end of the "difficult day," to its calm invitation.

After the Metro and the desk, after the rush-hour, after the hurly-burly of business, after the heat and the burden of office work, there shines for him a little path bordered with flowers, and a seat in the cool of the evening.

A QUESTION OF PRICE . . .

IN small town gardens there is generally only one place where a bench or a seat can go; but in the larger country gardens there is often a choice of places; and a golden rule in this feature, alone of all other garden "ornaments," is that which says the more the merrier. Every view-point and every kind, inviting corner is the better for a bench, a hammock or a seat—in stone or wood. It is fatally easy to overdo garden figures; it is absurd to become lavish with sundials; even bird baths and tables, though they will bear some multiplication, have their æsthetic limits, but I have never seen a garden yet which really had too many seats!

As a matter of fact, my complaint is that most gardens are uncomfortably devoid of them, and the reason, I believe, is that they are far too expensive. We see handsome seats of teak and stone at flower shows and exhibitions; but when we come to price them they are very dear, running anything from £6 to £25 and more.

After I had spent toilsome years in my

own garden shaping two wild fields into some simple sort of design, had broken the heavy clay and petted it into a kindly crumbiness, had thrust forth the thistle and beguiled the rose and peony to grow in its place, I looked round for a few garden seats upon which I might sit with my friends to contemplate these wonders.

And I was speedily reduced to despair at the high price asked for those attractive benches upon which I had at first turned my eye. I had to rule them out, and look about for other makers and other materials to satisfy my need. I found, at last, a firm in the shires which makes good, strong oak benches, both round and straight ones, at a

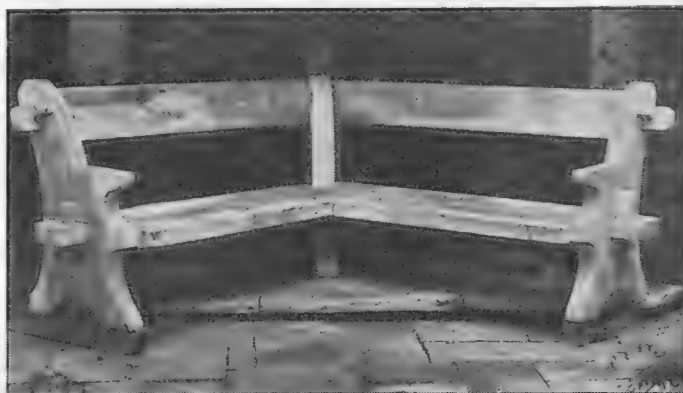
pay a good price, it is just as well to give up the idea of teak; it is a lovely wood, hard, close-grained, durable, beautiful, but not for the little purse. Oak is better, but not very cheap in the larger forms; deal is never truly satisfactory, being a soft wood, liable to decay.

I have found, however, a very nice wood in elm, which is worked by certain firms, and in which I have now acquired a "bishop's" seat, table, and various other items. The wood does not require oiling or treating in any way; it tones down to a pleasant silver, and has another charm in the broad gesture of its workmanship. It is made by craftsmen and built to bear the bodies of people who like comfort. When our sybarite friend comes to sit in the garden next year he will find his back generously supported!

And that matter of support is one which must be remembered; before I finally decided upon the well-built seat and stools of heavy elm, I cast admiring glances at a handsome seat of stone; it looked very inviting, and had a softly coloured surface; it was rough, but shapely; it pleased the eye; the price, moreover, to my surprise, was comparatively reasonable. Just before I gave the order for it which was hovering on the tip of my tongue I sat in it, and changed my mind. The seat was too narrow, and the back too upright. It was a very uncomfortable affair.

The first essential is comfort, and the next price; after these, we are free to study material and design, for they, also, must be satisfactory. Many people have a well-founded fear of stone seats; they are likely, they say, to "strike a chill," but that fault is easily remedied by a rush mat which can be kept in the garden room, or the summer house, if it is dry, and can be carried out when the seat is in use. A mat, cushion, or rug will always solve the problem of the cold stone seat, which is a very handsome and striking piece of garden furniture, and is generally placed in a prominent place.

The most enticing seat of all is that simple bench hidden away in a green and shady corner on a high place where no one ever thinks of coming, and where the garden unfolds its picture in a hidden solitude under the eyes of a dreamer.



This seat, which is also simple in design, has been made to fit in an angle.

reasonable figure, and of those I joyfully bought four for my garden.

Upon them we sat, my friends and I, for two appreciative summers, until an illustrious guest arrived one day who had been spoiled by too many comforts, and he said he liked a back to his seat. Whereupon those who had formerly sat upon my garden benches with every appearance of content upheld him, pointing with gestures of grief at the small of their spines. So I had to begin all over again and find new seats for my garden, learning to sympathise afresh on the way with the many readers who have written to me from time to time asking where they could find cheap ones.

. . . AND COMFORT!

THEY can be found, but they need looking for. Unless one is prepared to

Extend the Airways to Australia

By E. M. Rossiter

This week sees the first flight on the regular airway to India. An air service is to be established to the Cape and the extension of the Indian route to Australia is now an urgent step.

THE Indian air route should be regarded as the spinal column of a system of fast air communications which, in the next few years, will transform the means of Empire travelling and Empire trading.

Business men, and tourists, will be able to travel to India, or Central Africa, in as little time as is occupied to-day by a trip to New York in a crack liner. Daily departures will gradually develop out of the services which now begin on a weekly basis, and the Empire's mails will flow with a speed that will alter the whole complexion of Imperial commerce. Egypt and East Africa will probably outrival the Riviera and the Lido as the fashionable playgrounds of wealthy people. A visit to the Straits Settlements, Australia or New Zealand will cease to be looked upon, as it is now, as a grand voyage to be undertaken only once in a lifetime.

In short, we can confidently expect that the United States of the British Empire will be solidified into that same "indestructible union" of economic and social interdependence, closely knit by fast transport, that binds America.

TO CALCUTTA IN SEPTEMBER

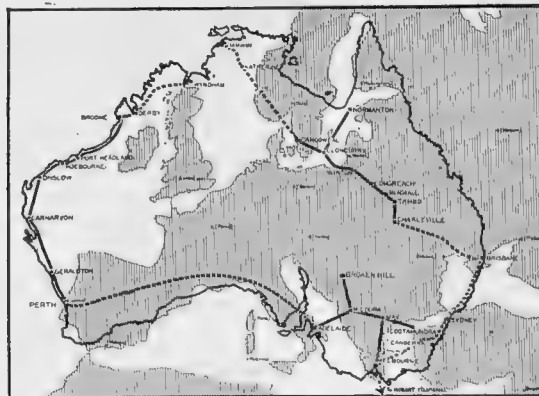
News has arrived that the Indian Government is actively engaged upon a definite plan for extending the Indian airway onwards beyond Karachi to Delhi and Calcutta. It is hoped that the first through air connection between London and Calcutta will be inaugurated next September, and



Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, K.C.B., C.M.G., Director of Civil Aviation, whose ceaseless efforts in the cause of air transport have resulted in the airway to India and the decision to establish an airway to the Cape.

(Howard Coster.)

ing for several years with scarcely a lapse from 100 per cent. regularity. They carry the comforts and necessities of civilisation to scores of scattered communities which have hitherto endured all the miseries of solitary confinement in a prison of empty space, and they are opening up



Australia's Airways, superimposed on a map of Europe to illustrate the relative distances. The dotted lines show the new routes now being organised.

that immediately afterwards arrangements will be begun to carry the route on to Rangoon; that is, to the farthest

limit of Indian territory.

In Australia, rapid progress is being made with the great east-west air line from Perth to Adelaide, which will be the first regular night-flying airway in the Empire. It is due to be inaugurated next June, and there will then be a chain of air lines encircling practically the whole of Australia.

AUSTRALIA THE PIONEER.

The Australian air lines are perhaps the most remarkable examples of useful air transport that exist.

They have been working for several years with scarcely a lapse from 100 per cent. regularity. They carry the comforts and necessities of civilisation to scores of scattered communities which have hitherto endured all the miseries of solitary confinement in a prison of empty space, and they are opening up

and Flying Officer Owen, adds one more example of the immense saving of time which can be secured.

Yet, although improved communications with Australia and New Zealand are recognised as an absolute necessity and no technical obstacle exists to prevent the extension of the route to Australia immediately, nothing tangible is being done either to prepare the ground organisation or to set in motion the various and lengthy negotiations which must precede operation.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

Apart from the advantage of faster communication, which, in itself, should brook no delay, there is a strong reason why the organisation of the eastern section should be set in train immediately. There may be as serious harm in allowing it to drift as has been experienced already on the route to India. The difficulties regarding flight through Persia which make such a blot on



The Mediterranean is flown in a short "Calcutta" flying boat.



Passengers for India embark at Croydon in an "Argosy" air liner to fly via Paris to Basle as the first stage.

British diplomacy are simply the outcome of beginning the Indian route three years too late.

At the present moment, Holland is preparing to establish a regular air line from Amsterdam to the Netherlands East Indies, on the threshold of Australia. No moral justification whatsoever exists for refusing the Dutch permission to fly over the British territories *en route*, or to extend their service to Australia if they desire to do so.

Amsterdam is already linked by a Dutch air line with London. Unless, therefore, Holland is to take the honour—and also the commercial advantages—

of establishing the first regular air service between England and Australia, we must do it ourselves, and do it quickly.

STRAIGHT DEALING ESSENTIAL.

The position is that foreign air transport enterprise is knocking at our doors almost everywhere. The French, Germans, Italians and Americans, besides the Dutch, desire, quite legitimately, to send their civil air lines through British territory. Whilst we must protect our own interests, a policy of passive obstruction is not merely humiliating but must prove disastrous. For if any nation must insist upon the freedom of legitimate air transport and a liberal interpretation of the terms of the International Air Convention, it is Great Britain. We cannot win a reputation for straight dealing in the use of the air by keeping the aircraft of other nations out of the British territories simply because we lack the enterprise and will to open up air lines of our own. For this reason alone the time has now come when, to put it tersely, we must get on or get out.

THE AFRICAN AIRWAY.

It is because Africa is as greatly in need of air transport as Australia, if not much more in need, and also because foreign air enterprise is advancing so rapidly in Africa, that the decision to establish a British airway from Alexandria to the Cape is so welcome.

The importance of faster communication with Africa was never more strikingly evident than when, last December, the Prince of Wales was recalled post-haste from Kenya. Although special transport by sea and railway, pressed to the limit of their speed, enabled him to accomplish the journey in record time, it was all too clear that the ordinary transport service with East Africa is deplorably slow.

Thus, the Prince is one of the first to bear testi-

FLYING TO INDIA In 7 days.

Saturday.—London-Basle. 485 miles. Armstrong "Argosy" three-engined aeroplanes. Night express through the Alps to Genoa. 150 miles.

Sunday.—Genoa-Syracuse. 700 miles. Short "Calcutta" three-engined flying boats. Calling at Rome.

Monday.—Syracuse-To-bruk. 750 miles. Calling at Navarino, Greece.

Tuesday.—Tobruk-Alexandria. 350 miles. Change to De Havilland "Hercules" three-engined flying boats. Alexandria-Gaza. 280 miles.

Wednesday.—Gaza-Basra. 912 miles. Calling at Rutbah Wells and Baghdad.

Thursday.—Basra-Jask. 800 miles. Calling at Bushire and Lingeh.

Friday.—Jask-Karachi. 600 miles. Calling at Gwadar.

mony to the value of an African airway, and I cannot do better than quote his words. "It is," he said a few days ago, "a great national project that will open up the heart of the great African Continent. It will reduce the time taken to reach places like Nairobi, Dar-es-Salaam and Tabora by a full two-thirds. Northern and Southern Rhodesia will be brought within ten days of London, whereas now the voyage and subsequent train journey necessitate three weeks of travel—as well I know. Johannesburg—that wonderful mining city—and Pretoria will be only 11 days away from this country, whilst farther south the Union Parliament at Cape Town will be brought within 12 days of Westminster."

IF AFRICA, WHY NOT AUSTRALIA?

The African service, which will be opened next year, will branch off at Alexandria from the route to India. For 3,000 miles, as far as Mwanza, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, it will follow the course of the White Nile and will probably be flown by flying boats. Thence onwards, aeroplanes will be employed. Lady Bailey and other amateur fliers who have flown to or from the Cape have demonstrated, very convincingly, that a route which can be traversed with apparent ease in single-engined light aeroplanes, with the scantiest of ground organisation, could certainly be flown with regularity and safety by three-engined air transport machines, backed by the resources of wireless and meteorological services, route markings and equipped landing grounds at reasonable intervals.

When we consider the Australian route, the same argument applies even more strongly. It has been flown repeatedly by Dutch as well as British machines, and there is absolutely no reason why steps should not be taken at once to organise a regular service to carry mails from London to Melbourne in, at the most, fifteen days.

A ROUTE FOR SEAPLANES.

IT may be argued that the route to Australia should be delayed until there has been an opportunity to try out the new airships, the tests of which are due to be made shortly. But this argument obscures the truth. If there is one route in the British Empire which for climatological reasons is unsuited to safe operation by airships it is that running from Rangoon *via* Singapore to North Australia. The airship route to Australia will in all probability be *via* the Cape.

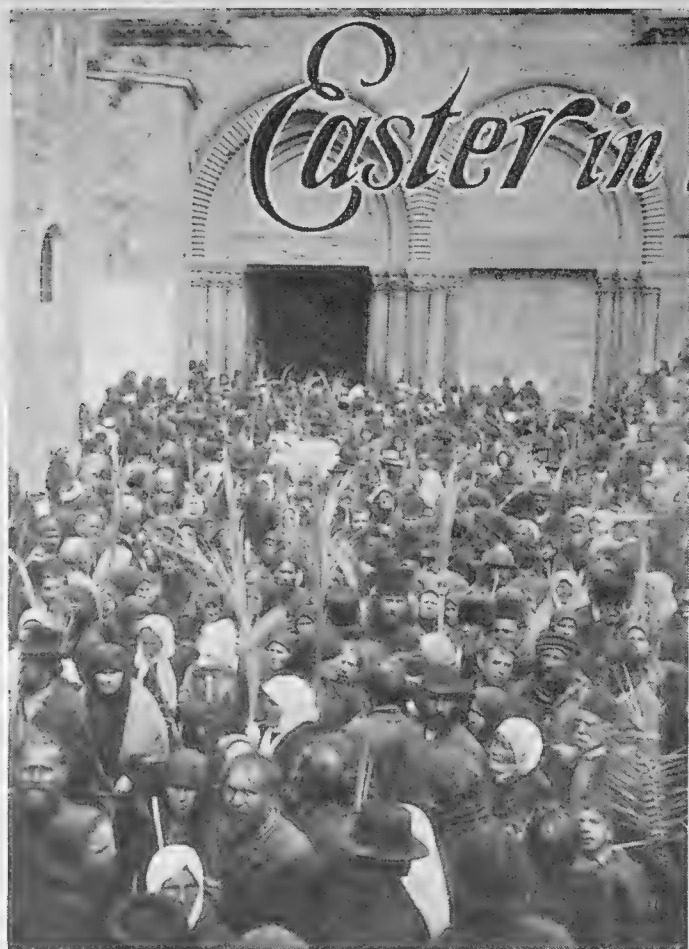
A glance at the map will show that from Rangoon to Port Darwin is essentially a seaplane route. The conditions are particularly favourable for operation by the large seaworthy flying boats in the design of which Great Britain has established a useful lead over all rivals. Incidentally, an American company proposes to run an air line in the British West Indies, with one of the types of British flying boat which has been developed for the Empire airways!



FROM THE RHINE—Birsfelden Airport at Basle, where passengers for India take the night train through the Alps to Genoa. (By courtesy of "Airways.")



TO THE TIGRIS—Basra—Sindbad's Port—which is reached five days after leaving London. (By courtesy of "Airways.")



Easter in the Holyland

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

In the Holy Land, Easter is a time of religious fervour. Among the many celebrations, "Holy Fire," which is described in this article, is the most remarkable.

THERE is no season of the year when the Holy Land is so packed with people as it is during Easter week, when pilgrims and tourists swarm to Jerusalem to witness or take part in the great variety of religious ceremonies connected with the Easter festival. As there are about a dozen different Christian churches represented in the Holy City, several of which hold Easter on different dates, the religious festivities are extended over a week or ten days. During this period the Church of the Holy Sepulchre becomes a scene of ancient and mediæval rites which are as strange as they are unique.

While the Western Churches conduct their ceremonies in more or less European fashion, the Easterns indulge in the most picturesque displays imaginable. The Armenians preserve the ancient custom of "Washing of the Feet" on Maundy Thursday, when a stage is erected outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Armenian Patriarch washes the feet of a number of poor people, surrounded by a dense mob of struggling Orientals. On such occasions the pressure of the crowds through the narrow cobbled streets is so intense that policemen have to use whips to keep the people under control.

But for barbaric splendour nothing can equal the Easter Eve celebrations of the Abyssinians on the roof of the Chapel of St. Helena. To the beating of tom-toms and the strain of African pipes, the dark hooded figures of monks perform weird rites before an altar blazing with candle light

On Palm Sunday pilgrims visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem where they receive palms which have been blessed by the Priest. At this time of the year, the Church is incessantly crowded.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre marks the supposed site of the burial of Our Saviour. This portion of the exterior dates back from the time of the Crusades. There were originally two entrances, but one has been walled up.



The keys of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are in the custody of a Moslem family who lock the door each night, an operation which may be seen in this picture. Through the holes in the door food is passed to pilgrims who often spend a night in the Church at Easter.

and decorated with ikons of jet-black saints. The ground is covered with seated monks who, with their strange orchestra of an ancient civilisation, fill the starlit night with thumpings and blowings reminiscent of an Oriental bazaar rather than of an Easter service.

The arrival of the Abyssinian Abbot, with his dark, aristocratic features, is the event of the evening, and his entry in gorgeous robes, under a large and equally gorgeous umbrella, reminds the onlooker that these queer customs have their origin in the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon.

"HOLY FIRE,"

THE climax of Easter week in Jerusalem, however, is reached in the Greek celebration of the "Holy Fire," which, with its mediæval setting, is probably the most striking spectacle

to be seen in any Christian church. It is the common belief amongst the Greek Orthodox community that at a certain moment on Easter Eve fire descends from Heaven to the Holy Sepulchre, where it is received by the Greek Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem and passed, by means of a lighted taper, to the assembled multitude.

Huge crowds of Oriental Christians swarm to Jerusalem from all parts of the country and try to fight their way into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to attend this weird religious rite. Under the rule of the Turks a strong force of Moslem soldiers, with rifles and fixed bayonets, tried to keep the Christian peace, but, in spite of the efforts of these armed men, hundreds of priests and worshippers have, at different times lost their lives in unseemly brawls, and in the frenzied scramble to light candles, torches, and tapers from the "Holy Fire."

From the gallery above, where most of the onlookers are squashed into confined spaces like a consignment of tinned fish, the dense, heaving rabble below looks more like a revolutionary mob than a religious congregation; and the arrival of the grey-bearded Patriarch on the shoulders of four

stalwart policemen, literally hacking their way through the crowd, hardly suggests a suitable prelude to Christian worship.

A FRENZIED SCENE.

AS the Patriarch, clad in rich, gold embroidered vestments and wearing on his head a high, jewelled crown, moves in procession round the Sepulchre in the

as each torch bearer strives to get a light and to rush for the doorway. The church is a blaze of flame, enveloping a dark mass of struggling humanity, every proud possessor of the "Holy Fire" being eager to carry it home to burn before his favourite ikon.

HANDING ON THE LIGHT.

RUNNERS take the fire to Nazareth, to burn, until the following Easter, in the Church of the Annunciation, and others take it to Bethlehem. In fact, the "Holy Fire" is handed from candle to candle, and from lamp to lamp, so that lights descended from the original fire can be taken to any part of the world, and before the war it was taken annually to Russia.



Mount Olivet and the great dome of the Mosque of Omar as seen from the belfry of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which dates back to the Crusades.



The Mount of Olives showing the Garden of Gethsemane. On the side of the hill is the Russian Monastery with its domes.



Upon the Stone of Unction in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the body of Christ was anointed and prepared for burial, according to local legend. Over it burn the lamps of four Christian sects which worship in the Church.

centre of the church, preceded by archbishops and bishops, archimandrites and priests, the general excitement increases. Every corner of the church is jammed with squeezed and half-trodden-on humanity, and wild-looking faces peer out of the oddest recesses. Torches and candles are in every hand, as with excited gesticulations the mob clamours for the fire from Heaven. The din is almost deafening, and seems to rise and fall like the sound of sea waves. In one corner of the church there is an ugly rush, the crack of policemen's whips, and then the consequent scramble amidst a wild chorus of shrieking Orientals.

Finally, the seals of the Tomb are broken in the presence of the District Commissioner, and the Patriarch, divested of his crown and robes, enters the Sepulchre. A hush falls on the assembled multitude, and there is an almost ominous suspense until the dramatic moment, when a small flicker of light appears through a round opening in the wall and spreads like lightning from torch to torch and from candle to candle.

The mob now breaks all bounds,



The World's most sacred road—the Via Dolorosa—along which Christ passed on His way to Calvary. It was at the place where the arch spans the road that Pilate exclaimed "Ecce Homo!" Franciscan Fathers kneel on their journey to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA. The answers to the problems, which must be addressed to: The Bridge Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2, must reach this office not later than the Friday following publication. The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM XIV.

West deals and bids 1 Heart; North, no bid; East, no bid; South, 1 Spade; West, 2 Hearts; North, 2 Spades. All pass.

♠ 10, 9, 5, 4.
♥ K, Q, 5.
♦ J, 5, 4, 2.
♣ Q, 6.

North
West East
South

♠ A, K, 6, 3.
♥ 10, 4, 2.
♦ A, Q, 8.
♣ K, 9, 5.

The first 7 tricks go:—

W	N	E	S
♥ A	♥ 5	♥ J	♥ 2
♥ 3	♥ Q	♠ 2	♥ 4
♣ A	♣ 6	♣ 3	♣ 9
♥ 6	♥ K	♠ J	♥ 10
♣ 4	♣ Q	♣ 2	♣ 5
♦ 6	♦ J	♦ K	♦ A
♠ 7	♠ 4	♠ 7	♠ A

How should South continue the hand, and why?

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XI.

(i) *Three Diamonds*:—On the calling, it would seem that North must hold good cards in Diamonds, and it is, therefore, probable that, with a chicane in Spades, the hand will play to greater advantage in a suit call than in No Trumps.

(ii) *One Spade or Three No Trumps*:—The lure of the hand is, of course, the 100 aces; the weakness of the hand the single minor stoppers. If a minor be opened and Spades do not clear, and the Hearts are not worth 4 tricks (as they should not be), you may well be defeated on your contract of game in No Trumps. On the other hand, game in Spades seems a certainty. If the No Trumper be bid (and I fully hold with scoring 100 above if feasible), pre-emption is valuable, as it will stop East from indicating a lead, and it is an even chance that, if there is an adverse minor bid at large, East will hold it. Both calls are impeccable. With the Major, pre-emption is unnecessary.

(iii) *Three Spades*:—The hand is too strong to pass, having a heavy Major and two quick tricks; the bid of a Diamond is woefully misleading; the Club is worse and No Trumps is out of the question. The moot point is, therefore, how many Spades shall be called? As Hearts must be denied even if partner bids them, I incline strongly to pre-emption. The three bid also absolves the bidder from the top honours in the suit bid.

(iv) *No Bid*:—Despite the inviting pattern of the hand, I recommend a pass on these cards. One fine player who held them bid, of all things, one Club! His partner responded with a "courtesy take-out" of a Heart (on K, Q, 10, x).

(v) *Demand a Re-deal*:—The hand holds 14 cards.

(vi) *Four Hearts*:—On this hand, it may well be that the Spade contract has been doubled negatively, in which case an adverse game in Clubs is quite probable; it is also likely that North may turn the double into a positive one by passing. Some players use a double of three as positive only, so that there is danger for East. I incline to bid four Hearts as it raises the trick-taking value of the West hand from one trick to six at least and probably seven or eight, and, should East have strength in Diamonds, you may well

go game. On less fantastic a freak, I pass a pre-emptive bid by partner.

(vii) *Six No Trumps*:—To justify his redouble, South must hold at least 12 and probably 13 Spades. It is an even chance that it is 13 and another even chance that, even if he holds only 12, East rather than North holds the odd one. Thus the South hand is dead as a doornail in No Trumps. The Six No Trump bid is a gamble, but it is a 4 to 1 chance against a certainty—and such a risk should almost always be taken.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

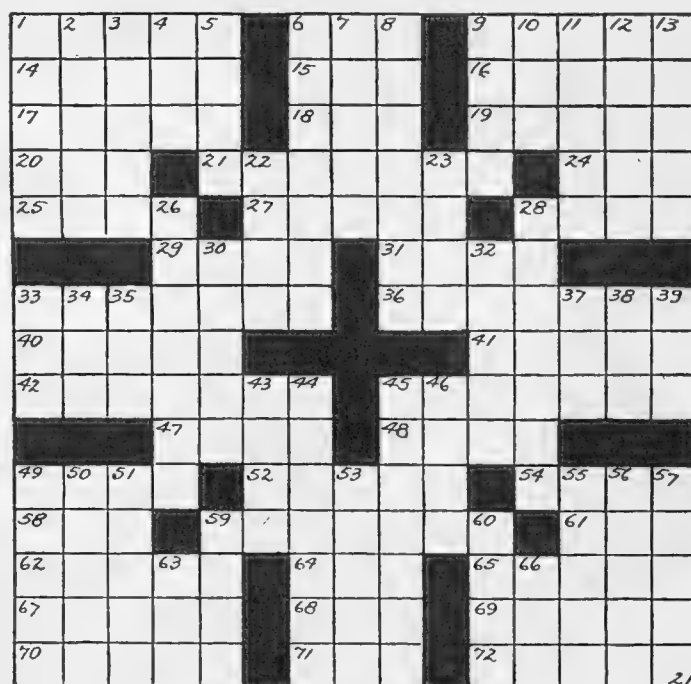
Problem No. XI:—R. E. Turnbull, Leverton Manor, Hungerford, Berks; Alastair McGregor, 33, Dublin Street, Edinburgh; Edgar Soane, 14, Kildare Gardens, Bayswater, W.2; Mrs. Oliveira, "Les Cyclades," Avenue des Pleiades, Le Cannet, A.M. France; P. Stobart, c/o W. Hope-Jones, Esq., Eton College, Windsor.

BRITANNIA Crosswords—No. 15.

CLUES.

Across.—1, A condiment or leap; 6, Tides do this; 9, Slacken; 14, — Sisalana; 15, A backward age; 16, Loaded; 17, Irritates; 18, A hill on its head; 19, Melodies; 20, A headless tiller; 21, Part of the throat; 24, An Antipodean bird; 25, These matches are now over; 27, Indigent; 28, "Sure" (anag.); 29, Beheaded and abbreviated reptiles; 31, Gaelic; 33, An embroidery frame; 36, "For our frontpiece see page 485" (hidden); 40, Pointed; 41, The merry and mum man was one; 42, Having made a will; 45, Galley with three banks of oars; 47, A backward tide; 48, "Foul cankered —" (Shakespeare); 49, Dull-coloured (anag.); 52, One who would be a monk; 54, A twice-beheaded native sailor; 58, Stuff you sometimes strike; 59, A fairy and a horse make an astronomical term; 61, Japanese scarf; 62, Egg-shaped; 64, With gin it's a mug; 65, "All right!"; 67, To the chessplayer these are sometimes stale; 68, A decapitated man; 69, To corrode; 70, A mixed column; 71, With wood a fast bowler; 72, Less common.

Down.—1, A mark of omission; 2, Brisk; 3, What a conjuror does; 4, Temptress; 5, It is silence (Hamlet); 6, Zealous; 7, Oatmeal pottage; 8, Befalls; 9, "Oh dear!"; 10, Where some people drink; 11, "Good-bye"; 12, Sides; 13, Follow; 22, Formerly; 23, An ancient instrument; 26, Jogged along; 28, Loud noises; 30, Mountain nymph; 32, Halves; 33, Make lace; 34, Beats the king; 35, An abbreviated vehicle; 37, A mixed vegetable; 38, A third of a rose; 39, Sooner than; 43, It won't wait for any man; 44, With "City" Rome; 45, Part of rifle; 46, Control; 49, Cries of the bitter; 50, "And each upon his — glared" (Scott); 51, "To draw out the matter to a late hour" (hidden); 53, A flower or musical instrument; 55, Blush (Amer. spelling); 56, Tolerate; 57, An equestrian; 59, "Step" (anag.); 60, "But I go on for—" (Tennyson); 63, With total an abstainer; 66, Three-quarters of an Arab.



ANSWERS TO BRITANNIA CROSSWORD, NO. 14.

Across.—1, Step; 5, Strut; 10, Past; 14, Tune; 15, House; 16, Ogee; 17, Ante; 18, Alder; 19, Sups; 20, Leer; 21, Nee; 22, Reseat; 24, Errants; 26, Care; 27, Ra; 28, Guy; 29, Cape; 30, Mat; 31, Arret; 34, Sodic; 35, Oto; 36, Lee; 37, Appoint; 39, Tor; 40, Ass; 41, Teens; 42, Odors; 44, Dot; 45, Inns; 46, Pro; 47, In; 48, Host; 49, Fastest; 53, Natant; 55, Map;

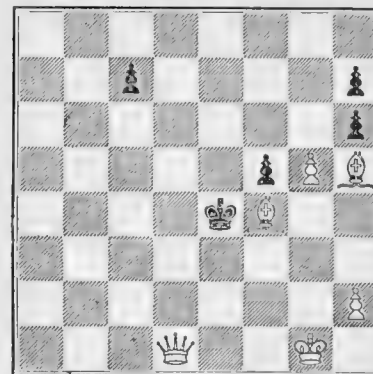
56, Tree; 57, It is; 58, Orate; 60, Rant; 61, Sort; 62, Cedar; 63, Esne; 64, Trey; 65, Keels; 66, Leal.

Down.—1, Stale; 2, Tuner; 3, Enter; 4, Peerage; 5, Shanty; 6, Toles; 7, Rude; 8, Use; 9, Terrapin; 10, Posse; 11, Agree; 12, Separator; 13, Testators; 23, Erectors; 25, Nutation; 26, Cadis; 29, Coons; 30, Moto; 31, Aladinist; 32, Resonator; 33, Rest; 34, Spent; 38, Penstock; 43, Dottrel; 46, Papers; 48, Hasty; 49, Fatal; 50, Erase; 51, Senna; 52, Tetel; 54, Tire; 55, Made; 59, Ree.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 15 by A. C. Challenger



White to play and mate in three moves.

The scoring for the above in the Ladder Tourney will be four points for the key and one point for every forced White second move, short mates not counting. For a dual continuation, only one point will count.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

PROBLEM NO. 13 (PIRNE). Key R-K2. If P-Q5; 2 R-R1, Black moves; 3 R-KB1. If P-Kt6; 2 R-R3, Black moves; 3 R-KB3. A diverting duel between two White Rooks and two Black Pawns.

END-GAME NO. 12 (KLING). 4KR2; 7R; 4K3; P4Kt2; 8; 8; P6P; 8. White to play and win.

SOLUTION TO END-GAME NO. 11 (VOTRUBA): 1 B-Kt2; P-Kt8=Q; 2 BxPch, QxB; 3 P-B8=Qch, BxQ; Stalemate. If 1... P-Kt8=B; 2 KxP, K-Kt3; 3 BxP, BxB; 4 K-Kt7.

Correct solutions of Problem No. 12, from Nos. 1, 3, 14, 15, 25, 26, 27, 46, 47, 51, 53, 54, 55, 72, 83, 96, 97, 104, 112, 115, 126, 129, 143, 162, 172, 173, 176, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 190, 191, 200, 201, 203, 217, 226, 227, 229. Problem No. 11: Correct solutions also received from Nos. 216, 227.

Selected Game.

GAME NO. 15.—Played at Rotterdam, November 4th, 1928. This game illustrates an interesting, though slight, departure from the Riga variation.

Ruy Lopez.

White	Black
Bosch	Oskam
1 P-K4	P-K4
2 Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3
3 B-Kt5	Kt-B3
4 O-O	KtxP
5 P-Q4	PxP
6 R-K1	P-Q4
7 KtxP	B-Q3
8 KtxKt	BxPch (a)
9 K-R1 (b)	Q-R5
10 RxBtch	PxR
11 Q-Q8ch	QxQ
12 KtxQch	KxKt
13 KxB	P-QB3 (c)
14 B-QB4	P-KB4
15 Kt-B3	P-KR3
16 B-K3	K-K2
17 B-B5ch	K-B3
18 R-Q1	B-K3
19 BxB	KxB
20 R-Q6ch	K-B2
21 R-Q7ch	K-Kt3
22 Kt-K2	KR-Q1
23 Kt-B4ch	K-R2
24 RxQKtP	R(Rt)-Kt1
25 RxRP	RxP
26 Kt-R5	RxBP
27 RxPch	K-R1
28 R-QB7! (d)	Resigns

(a) Similar to the Riga variation, excepting that, in this game, the moves 3... P-QR3; 4 B-R4, have been omitted.

(b) Better than K-B1.

(c) An alternative was B-K3.

(d) This fine move wins at once, for Black is quite helpless against the threat, Kt-B6.

Woman's Section.*Edited by Julia Cairns**Peter North Studio.*

LACE, described by an "eminent Elizabethan" as the "Fair Ambassador of a fair mind," occupies a premier place in Fashion's scheme for the expression of the new evening gowns, almost without exception designed on graceful feminine lines.

In the lovely frock in the photograph the finest Racine lace is used for the long

straight bodice, and fine tulle, falling in soft folds, for the tiered skirt. Café-au-lait is the colour scheme, the shade the world prefers at the moment for evening wear; and the narrow belt, of folds of lace finished with a jewelled ornament, strikes another of the Season's new notes. It is set, of course, in the new manner at the natural waist. (*Pax.*)

The Tailor-Made Theme

Played with Variations

BY MARJORY CHARLTON



The jacket and skirt of this costume have agreed to differ in both colour and fabric, black and white chine shantung being used for the former, and dull black silk for the latter. Note the flat tiered effect on the skirt and the interesting yoked back of the coat.

(Lucile Paray.)

A smooth faced cloth expresses the costume above, the coat being white, lightly shaded with black, giving the new shadow effect, and the skirt black. The skirt, flaring slightly, is draped, godet-fashion to one side and the belt of the coat, also one-sided, is of black patent leather.

(Maggy Rouff.)

TWELVE, fifteen years ago—before the war, in fact—models designed on tailor-made lines were few and far between in the Paris collections. Women wore tailor-mades, of course. They wore them in the country, carried out in rough tweeds; sometimes, for travelling, in discreet, subdued colourings, or on occasions when a practical business-like attitude was indicated. Strong-minded women made them their uniform, their badge of emancipation!

But the great designers took no interest in them beyond including one or two among their models in order to please an isolated client. Now, every season, they occupy a

more prominent place in the scheme of Fashion. They are seen in the morning, carried out in woollen fabrics, in the afternoon, made of the heavier silks; even in the evening a frock that is quite severely tailored is adopted by the woman whom it suits.

THE classical tailor-made is still popular, but it has many rivals. Coats may be short or long, straight and loose-fitting, or closely moulded to the figure. Insertions, applications, pipings, or stitching may trim both coats and skirts. For some time past pleats have been used in various ways, in

order to lend freedom to skirts, whilst maintaining the narrow silhouette. This Spring many skirts are shaped, or have shaped side godets; even flounced effects and dipping side panels are making an appearance.

Coats and skirts differ, not only in colour but in fabric; in fact, tailor-made styles are coming into line with the general scheme of Fashion and are becoming very much more interesting.

ILLUSTRATED on the left is a Lucile Paray model, which shows, for instance, some very interesting developments, for

No, the artist has not neglected to join up the inserted motifs on the back and sleeves of the coat! This is only one more original note in a most original model, and the same effect is shown on the skirt which is draped to one side in the form of a godet. The hat—of parasinol straw—is black and white, too, and the trimming is of straw, not ribbon.

FOR the debonair little suit sketched on the left, the cardigan shaped coat expressed in navy blue crêpe-de-Chine, Jenny is responsible; the accompanying blouse, amusingly cut on waistcoat lines, with man's collar and tie all complete, being made of heavy white silk. Insertions, disposed geometrically, effectively trim both coat and blouse, and inverted pleats lend width to the skirt that tends to flare slightly. Note the three-quarter length sleeves, also the fact that the blouse is attached to the skirt, so that this model can equally well be described as an attractive two-piece or as something new in tailor-mades.

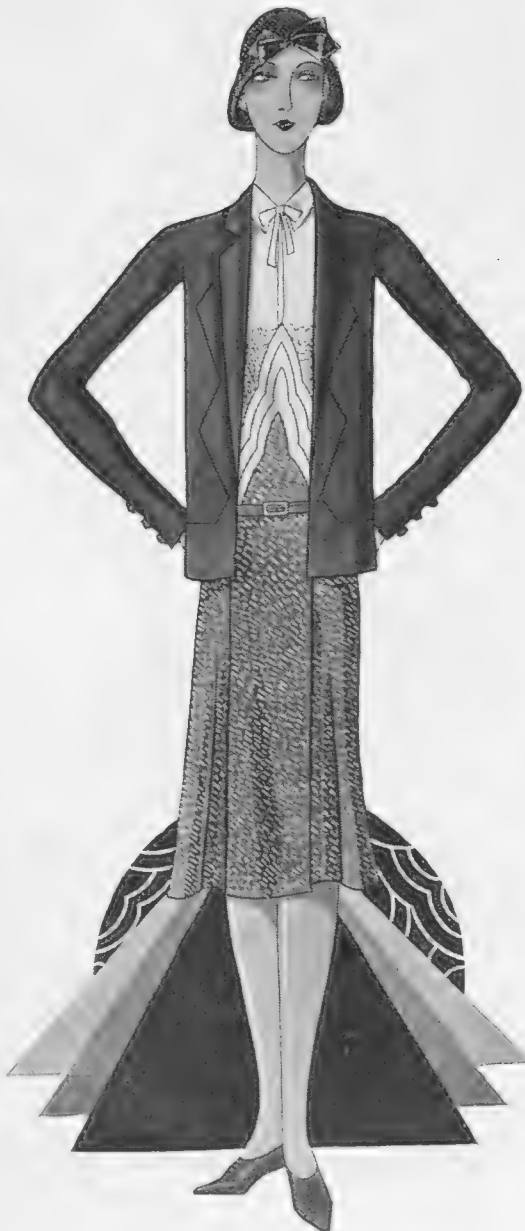
And the hat? Of natural bakou straw, the sweeping brim narrowing on one side to a loosely knotted bow.



Navy blue crêpe-de-Chine carries out this debonair little affair, the white silk waistcoat, very masculine in effect, with its neat collar and tie, being joined to the skirt, which—knife pleated towards the hem—flares slightly. (Jenny.)

entirely different fabrics carry out the jacket and skirt. For the former, black and white chiné shantung is used; a slightly bloused effect at the waist, just above the pockets, being achieved by means of fine tucks. The back is belted and cut with a yoke, and in the centre is set an inverted pleat, which gives perfect freedom of movement. The collar and revers are of dull black silk, this same fabric being employed for the skirt, which is arranged in flat tiers and trimmed with buttons, both back and front. Nor must the attractive little buttonhole, of black and white leather, be forgotten, nor the hat of bakou straw displaying the new one-sided effect, that also emphasises the black and white scheme.

THE coat and skirt of the Maggy Rouff model, illustrated on the right of the opposite page, also differ in colour. In this case black and white ombré broadcloth expresses the coat, and black broadcloth the skirt. There is a touch of the black cloth on the collar of the coat, but the belt (which is on one side only) is of black patent leather.



The dress of this ensemble is made of blue and white spotted crêpe, with white satin set in at the top of the bodice, the tailored coat being expressed in a blue woollen fabric. (Redfern.)



Deep blue jersey cloth carries out the suit above, the coat three-quarter length and the skirt cut with dipping godets at each side. A checked jersey scarf takes the place of a collar, which the hat, of course, matches. (Suzanne Talbot.)

NO less than three fabrics go to the making of the Redfern model in the centre, also coming under the heading of the modern version of the tailor-made. The dress is made of patterned white and blue spotted silk crêpe, the white satin top, embroidered with blue angora wool, having the effect, after the modern manner, of being cut in two pieces.

The coat, trimmed with geometrical insertions, and its revers quite severely tailored, is carried out in a blue woollen fabric. A belt of red leather, glimpsed as it swings with the movements of the wearer, strikes an effective colour note, and the hat, of exotic straw, exactly matching the coat in shade, has a blue velvet bow in front.

THE three-quarter length coat has not been forgotten in Fashion's tailored schemes, Suzanne Talbot being responsible for the very effective model shown on the right, for which sapphire blue jersey cloth is used. The coat is slightly shaped to the figure at the waist-line, and the side pleats of the skirt, arranged as godets, dip just a shade. The collar in this instance is very adequately replaced by a wide, fringed scarf of gaily checked jersey with a matching hat.

Dressing the Bride

"Getting married" will be fashionable during the month of April.

IN designing the wedding dress it should never be forgotten that it is the last gown of girlhood. It is the gown that marks the girl's departure from the family hearth to take her place at her own hearth. It is a sacred gown; it is a gown of ritual. It should contain, in its line, its quality, its contour, all the beauty of girlhood standing on the verge of womanhood.

To achieve this, to meet individual needs and taste, is an art. A wedding gown need not be, should not be, a uniform. Just as each young woman who comes to my establishment is different from every other, so should her wedding gown be. There is no law as to its cut and line. It may be a court dress, it may be a period dress, it may be a modern dress. Nor is there any law governing the material. There are no rules. Each dress is made to fit the needs and desires of the individual.

Length, softness and grace of line are the things to be aimed at. The train and the veil, properly hung and draped, contribute much to the proper effect. The train may be hung from the shoulder or the waist. I like the shoulder effect very much, especially when the wedding is in a church. There is nothing more beautiful than the long line of the train, hanging from the shoulders and trailing gracefully behind, when the bride walks up the altar steps.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE VEIL.

THE draping and arrangement of the veil compose an art in itself. A woman veiled has much more charm, mystery, and allure than a woman unveiled. On her wedding day, certainly, a girl should have the charm and mystery of the unknown. For that reason I usually recommend that the veil should be so draped over the head that it falls over the face down to the upper lip. After the ceremony it can be gracefully thrown back to expose the face of the bride. She is the young girl no longer; she is wife.

Most of the brides dressed by us wear a headdress of some sort, a diadem or a bandeau. Sometimes it is made of pearls; sometimes it is of artificial orange blossoms.

There is reason as well as beauty in the wearing of a headdress of some sort. Or, rather, its beauty is its reason. There are very few women who have good heads and foreheads. The bandeau or diadem covers



the natural line of the head or forehead, besides adding height and dignity to the bride. It also makes the draping of the veil more effective. It is easier to build an effect around a headdress.

THE LURE OF OLD LACE.

WHAT the wedding veil should be made of depends on the individual taste of the wearer. It depends also on the pocket-book of the person paying the bill.

But, bear this in mind, whatever medium is used for the veil, this does not, need not, influence the beauty of the bridal dress. By this I mean that a simple tulle veil, entirely devoid of trimming, is often more effective and more beautiful than a veil heavily embroidered in silver.

Veils made of tulle and old family lace, or completely of old family lace, are exquisitely beautiful. We make many of those. Very often the family of the bride has in its possession some real old lace. When it hasn't, we make the lace here in France—by hand, of course—always from old models, Alençon as a rule.

Many women prefer silver lace on their wedding veils. That, too, is beautiful, but, to me, not as beautiful as old lace.

THE CHARM OF SIMPLICITY.

THE question of jewels often arises. What jewels should the bride wear? The best thing is to wear none. The most a bride should permit herself is a simple necklace of tiny pearls, which, in their own lan-

By JEAN CHARLES
WORTH

(The Famous Paris Dress Designer)

guage, tell the same story of girlhood simplicity. And when I say tiny pearls, I do not mean a long, heavy necklace of pearls the size of young onions.

The less a bride carries the better. No handbag, of course, but a little white purse for her lace handkerchief. A prayer book bound in white vellum, perhaps. Or a few simple flowers. No enormous bouquet. That is a bad mistake made by many brides. She doesn't have to advertise her parents' wealth and station. That is not what makes the day important.

The less there is of embroidery, lace, jewels, flowers, in the bride's costume, the lovelier she is.

BRIDESMAIDS MUST BE IN HARMONY.

PROPERLY dressing the bridesmaids is just as important as dressing the bride. They form the background for her. The best plan is to have the dresses of the bridesmaids of the same style as that of the bride, with variations of course. That is, if the bride has a period gown, the dresses of the bridesmaids should harmonise with the same period. If the bride's gown is modern, the bridesmaids' dresses should be modern.

In America and in England all bridesmaids, as a rule, wear gowns of the same colour. Personally, I like

to make a palette of the bridesmaids, to dress four of them in rose of varying tints, for instance, and four in blue of varying tints. They thus create a semblance of a springtime garden, of youth, of freshness, of charm. If properly done, the effect is enchanting.

On the other hand, one of the prettiest effects I have ever seen was an *entourage* of bridesmaids dressed in white, and each wearing a large drooping, cerise-coloured hat.

The same rule of simplicity of accessories applies to the bridesmaids. No jewels, no ornate ornaments of any sort, nothing that smacks of sophistication, worldliness. Again, a simple necklace of pearls is permissible.

COMPLETING THE PICTURE.

EQUALLY important with the bride and bridesmaids are the bridegroom and ushers, of course. I am quite serious. Badly cut clothes and badly arranged clothes on the part of the males can spoil the best efforts at getting a perfect picture. When my brother married I insisted upon examining the men before I let them take part in the ceremony; I had seen too many poorly dressed men at important weddings, and I wasn't going to risk the same thing happening in my family.

That completes the wedding picture, with the exception, of course, of the bride's parents. The bride's mother should wear a smart frock befitting her age and station. The bride's father needs the same attention in his clothes as do the groom and ushers.

Fabrics

Inspired by Flowers

By JULIA CAIRNS

As if they had set out to imitate the very blossoms themselves, these gladioli-people imprinted in their own natural colourings constitute an essentially decorative cretonne suitable for the small town flat or seaside bungalow.

WITH
prim-
rose-
time

back again, our minds seem instinctively to move forward to the longer days and sunnier hours that now lie not so far ahead. . . . to summer days when all the wealth and profusion of Nature will run a floral riot in our gardens. But even before that we can, if we will, recapture a little prematurely the glorious colourings of midsummer if, when the question of furnishing fabrics is under consideration, we make full use of the modern fabric designers' art.

As for example the gladioli cretonne illustrated here . . . a simple design, admittedly, but one which is essentially true to Nature in colouring and one which retains the somewhat severe characteristics of the real flowers themselves. Its background is mainly the green spike-like leaves with just a hint of stone-grey peeping through—the whole colour gaiety being provided by realistic blossoms in shades of gladioli red, purple and coral pink. For the little morning room with grey walls and a restful plain grey carpet, this would make an admirable choice.

The second fabric seems almost to remind one of a bouquet of old-fashioned garden flowers, where purple clematis, trailing amid peonies, are outnumbered by gaily coloured dahlias. Ex-

Favourites last season, these true-to-Nature furnishing fabrics are promised equal, if not greater, popularity this.

pressed in their own natural shades with a wealth of soft green foliage, here again is an inexpensive furnishing fabric which cannot fail to introduce, even into the most simply furnished interior, an atmosphere of freshness and charm. It can be used with equal success either for a sitting-room or a bedroom, while for the unsophisticated guest-room whose walls, maybe, are ivory, and carpet beige, it would be ideal.

Reminiscent of a bouquet gathered from an old-fashioned garden—also with peonies, clematis and dahlias—this inexpensive cretonne would be an admirable choice either for the drawing-room or bedroom of a small country house.



Your suit case, cushion and A.A. book will be decorative, as well as useful companions, if they take the road in attractive, washable covers.

IS your car properly furnished? Whether it is one of those precocious "babies" that seem to "hold their own" with the most sophisticated of "grown-ups," a long-nosed, wicked-looking racer, or the multi-cylindere saloon that we associate with the bloated Capitalist (!), you will enjoy the Open Road all the more if you are the possessor of the latest in car gadgets. I am not now speaking of those various "ometers" that make such an imposing array on the dashboard of the modern car but of the various little necessities (I refuse to call them luxuries) that help towards the amenities of motoring. . . . Delightful affairs, combining the practical and the ornamental, that you can give to, or receive from your car-owning friends, or even buy for yourself.

SOME new ideas, essentially practical, you can carry out at home. One, for instance, that concerns that all-important member of your travelling equipment, your suit or dressing-case, for which motor travel is often a rough-and-tumble business, making its life a far shorter affair than it need be, if it has some sort of protection from scratches, etc. Why not make a neat cover for it in washable linen, which you can slip on whenever you go for a week-end, and wash easily as often as you like? An

Make your covers in a natural shade of linen, piping them with a contrasting colour and adding the personal touch of a monogram.

Your Car this EASTER

See that it is properly furnished, when you prepare for the road.

easy-to-make design is shown here, worked out in heavy natural linen, piped in any shade to harmonise with the colour of your car. . . . Golden-brown, or Chinese red, or butcher-blue piping make charming contrasts with the natural linen. Cut the cover to fit closely, and it is best to wash the material first to allow for any slight shrinkage.

NEARLY every woman driver finds a cushion at

her back a very comfortable thing on a long run. An inexpensive "pad" covered with linen piped to match her suit-case cover, and provided with a strap for carrying, makes an ideal car cushion. Choose a good stout "pad," or, after a little driving, it will be crushed flat and quite useless!

Now your A.A. book—or whatever other guide you carry on the car. How quickly its covers can get soiled and travel-worn! Give it a jacket that is always fresh and new. . . A simple linen cover like the one shown here, with back of contrasting colour, and a pocket each end to hold the covers of the book. . . . It's very, very easy to make. To add the really personal finish embroider your monogram in silk on all these useful articles—



It is a happy idea to carry out monogram and piping in the same colour as your car, blue, red, or green, or whatever this may be.

suit-case, cover, cushion and book jacket. The silk should match the piping, and must be "wash-fast," too, or the first "tub" will spoil your handiwork!

THE suit-case depicted measures 18 in. by 13 in., and is 6½ in. deep; the cover is made in a natural shade of linen, and is piped with Egyptian blue, with a monogram embroidered in blue to match. The cover is made so as to allow of the case being opened without having to remove it or undo any straps, etc., the handle coming through a piped slot. The linen is cut away and piped round both locks, these being covered with flaps, fastening with press-buttons, so that when unlocked and the lid opened, the cover remains part of the case; and when the case is locked requires no readjustment. The cushion is 14 in. by 19 in., also piped in Egyptian blue, with a 3½ in. monogram to match case. It is made with necessary straps for carrying.





A "one at a time" cigarette case, fitted to your dashboard, will save you from fumbling for your case while you are driving. Press down the lip at the bottom and a cigarette will be waiting for you.

The A.A. book-cover slips on quite easily; it has a band of blue to strengthen the back, while the monogram—in this case reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.—is in keeping with the other articles.

IF you smoke when you are driving, and, of course, you do, don't be one of those drivers who take their hands off the wheel while they fumble about for cigarettes and matches. It really isn't fair to the optimists who have entrusted their lives to your care, nor to the other people on the road! Get a delightful "smoking-companion," that you can fit on to your dashboard, combining a cigarette case, match box and ash-tray. With some of these you only have to press down the lip at the bottom to find a cigarette actually waiting for you!

And do you know that quite a number of accidents have been caused by ash from the driver's cigarette being blown into his or her eyes? Danger, from this source, is entirely averted by using a special cigarette holder, and another of its good points is that when your cigarette is finished you don't have to pick it out, burning your best fur-lined gloves the while (!), for it can be ejected in an instant by just a pressure of the thumb.

And, if your car is an open one, don't put an extra strain on your temper by trying to light a cigarette from a match. Use a storm-proof lighter, from which you can get a light—even when you are travelling at 60 m.p.h.!—with just a touch of the thumb.

AND without for a moment suggesting that you might try to put "those finishing touches" to your complexion when "speeding" (though I have seen it done!), it's more than likely that you will want to "fix things" during that five minutes you are held up in traffic, or are waiting for a friend outside a shop.

Well, you can, if you keep a tiny, complete vanity case handy. Its outward appearance (it looks just like a lighter) gives no hint of its interesting contents, which consist of scent, lipstick, powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil. No wonder motoring becomes more popular every day!

IN fact, "comfort first" is becoming the slogan of the up-to-date motorist, a fact that the designers of car bodies have been quick to realise. With engine reliability (and modern machinery, according, of course, to its capacity, is on the whole entirely dependable) a drastic change has come over the spirit of car choosing, and it is no longer the feminine contingent

only whose final choice is influenced by a design that will give the maximum of comfort in seating, etc.

Motor travelling cushions, making all the difference to comfort on a long journey, are to be purchased, either down-filled or of the air variety, in every imaginable shape and size, drivers being served with wedge-shaped ones that ensure a correct driving position. A footstool, fitted with shock-



Just a pull on the wee knob of this silver smoking companion reveals cigarettes and loose matches ready to hand. The ashcup at the top is deep enough to keep ashes from blowing about, and is easily removed for emptying.



A storm-proof lighter will give you a light at sixty miles an hour, with just a touch of the thumb. The cover keeps the wick always moist and makes lighting quite certain.



This ingenious cigarette holder will keep the smoke and blown ash out of your eyes when speeding and will also save your gloves from being burnt. A slight pressure of the thumb will eject the cigarette when you have finished.



absorbing springs, is a piece of car furniture that passengers will appreciate, and specially designed car luggage in a dust and water proof outer case, to which are affixed all the straps, loops, etc., which are necessary for securing to the grid of a car, is indispensable for touring.

LAST, but by no means least, there is the modern version of the picnic basket, admittedly an important item of motoring equipment, when the days begin to be long and fine. If you wish to be thoroughly up to date in this respect, then take a peep at the latest in tea baskets, which are already to be found in all the large stores, with accommodation for every conceivable item in the catering line.



Some of the finest lemons come from Messina, where dark-skinned Sicilians are employed in splitting and removing the pulp from the fruit.

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

FEW of us are sufficiently grateful to the admirable lemon for the aid he so frequently renders us, or avail ourselves fully of his assistance. Eve was a wise woman, for not only did she appreciate the apple, but, also, so it is said, brought the lemon away with her from her shattered Paradise to be a delight and a blessing. There are few things more beautiful than the fragrant golden coat of the lemon; few more delicious, and at the same time healthful, than the clean, sharp juice.

The lemon deserves kindly treatment; lemons that you are not going to use at once should not be allowed to go dry, but should be floated in cold water in a cool place, thus preserving their "school girl complexion"! It helps to warm them slightly before squeezing them, and their rinds, or zests, should always be washed before being grated.

LEMON DELIGHTS.

REMEMBER; lemon juice is far superior in taste to and much more wholesome than the best vinegar. This is especially so in making dressings for salads and sauces, including mint sauce, and for touching-up green vegetables. It is serviceable in bringing out the flavour of many dishes. For example: a little of the juice and a trifle of the zest added to a rice pudding of any kind or to gingerbread is capital. By the way, when boiling rice a few drops of lemon juice in the water both whitens and separates the grains.

Of course the more usual ways of using the lemon in cookery are known to and practised by us all, so I should be wasting your and my time if I offered directions for them. But are we not too apt to stick to the conventional lemon-delights and so to miss many others? Here is

one that is not an "of course" in this country. Lemon Rice, made this way: scald a quarter of a pound of rice and boil it in milk or water. Drain, and mix in a dessert-spoonful or so of butter, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, the grated rind of a lemon and such sugar as will satisfy your sweet tooth. Hot it. Eat hot or cold, moulded or unmoulded.

A SAUCEY PUDDING.

THERE are lemon puddings and lemon puddings, of the last some lie heavy on my—memory! Here is an old-time recipe, very simple and very nice. Mix a pound of fine, fresh breadcrumbs, a half-pound of very finely chopped suet, a breakfast-cupful of flour, the grated rind of two and the juice of one lemon, with two well-beaten eggs; then add half a pound of sugar, preferably brown. Boil for about three-quarters of an hour.

As a rule I cannot abide boiled puddings. But this one! Especially with a lemon sauce. The simplest is I think the best; thus made—quietly simmer for a quarter of an hour the grated rind of a lemon in half-a-pint of water, with three tablespoonfuls of soft sugar. Strain. Then add the strained juice of that lemon. Hot up. This goes excellently with many other boiled puddings.

PIE.

WHAT price this pie? Very small price, but very good value. Mix in a pan, a double-boiler is better, two tablespoonfuls of cornflour, the same quantity of flour, a breakfastcupful of sugar; then stir in two breakfast-cupfuls of very boiling water. Stir. Stir! Boil for a quarter of an hour. Have a stirring time! Then add two well-beaten eggs and a breakfastcupful of finely-minced figs. Five minutes more cooking and stirring. Lastly, add the juice of a couple and the grated rind of a single lemon.

Line a plate, or plates, or saucers, with pastry; fill up with the mixture. Bake for about half-an-hour; not too long or too short.

Lemon marmalade is "just sweet!" Chop finely enough lemons to make a pound, carefully depipping. Put this in three pints of cold water and set aside in your nice cool larder for a day. Then boil till soft-as-soft. Give it another day's rest. Then add a pound or a little more soft sugar, according to your liking. Then boil again until it is in your opinion sufficiently marmalady. Jar it while hot. Eat it cold.

Lemon compôte is very jolly, with blanch-mange, ground rice shape, and other such-likes. Cut up three or four nice-coated lemons, de-pip them, and boil till tender. Then, gently pour off the water and replace with a little cold water. Make a real sticky syrup with a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar and water, and pour it on the fruit. Simmer very gently for about a quarter of an hour.

CABBAGES AND LEMONADE.

WASH a fine cabbage very carefully; then, with a round cutter, take out the thick centre stalk, being careful to damage the dependent leaves as little as possible. Make a mixture

of three tablespoonfuls of baked breadcrumbs, the same amount of minced ham or bacon, about a third part of it fat, the grated rind and the de-pipped juice of half a lemon, a touch-up of red pepper or Worcestershire sauce, and a well-beaten egg. Mix thoroughly and ram very tightly into the hole of the cabbage. Tie up the cabbage in white muslin and boil or steam till tender.

Of course, you know how to make good lemonade. But have you met Regal Lemonade? The time of year will soon be here when you will be pleased to do so, as will your guests. It is made this way: peel two oranges, and six lemons, very finely; then soak the strips in a quart of boiling water for four hours. Boil a pound of loaf sugar in three pints of water, skimming if necessary. Strain the rind-water, then add to it the sugarwater and the juice of six oranges and of twelve lemons. Stir. Strain.

What about this if you wish to be Lemon Flippant? Beat an egg—it cannot hit back!—and put it in a tumbler with a tablespoonful of soft sugar; then the juice of a lemon; then fill up, or nearly, with very hot water. A little more sugar, if you please. Stir well, and shake very well. And, here is one of the simplest and best lemon drinks: cut off the rind of a lemon very finely. Put it in a tumbler, curly-wise, and pour in a bottle of dry ginger ale. A few drops of lemon juice.



BY APPOINTMENT

Paripan Products

British Owned and British Made

ENAMELS. VARNISHES. PAINTS

GLOSSY,	OF	FOR
SEMI-GLOSS and	WORLD-WIDE	EVERY
FLAT.	FAME.	PURPOSE.

RANDALL'S H₂O (WATER) PAINT

THE FINEST WATER PAINT MADE

EASY TO USE — PERFECT RESULTS

Made in White and Forty Standard Artistic
Shades. Special colours matched to order

and being manufactured by Paripan Limited guarantees
its quality

PARIPAN PRODUCTS FOR ALL PAINTING

We cordially invite you to inspect our Showrooms:

73, EDGWARE ROAD, W.2 NEAR MARBLE ARCH

Complete colour cards and literature on request.

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON, W.1

(Dept. D/K)

Sherwood House, Piccadilly Circus

Britannia's Pulbit

The Christian Art of LOVE



The Rev. Archibald Fleming.

By
the Rev.
Archibald
Fleming, D.D.

Minister of
St. Columba's Church,
Pont Street, London.

"ARE you in love?" seems rather a personal question. Nevertheless, it is the first question that Christianity asks man or woman or child who professes to be a Christian.

If the test is to be passed, the question must be answered in the affirmative; and, conversely, the inquiry "Or are you mainly in love with yourself?" must be answered in the negative. That twofold purge may, no doubt, eliminate a good many of the professing Christians of to-day. But also, incidentally, it will shepherd into the Christian fold—probably much to their surprise—a good many who have not been in the habit of professing much in the way of religion at all.

REASON AND WILL.

WHAT is it that constitutes—if there be such a thing—the cosmic harmony? Is it that God and man share in common the gift of Reason? Certainly to some extent that is so; for an irrational man could hardly get on with a rational God, and *vice versa*. But pure reason is nothing worth if it be not put into action; its conclusions must be applied by acts of Will; and Will must be motivated. The ultimate harmony between God and man must therefore be a Unity of Motive; the ultimate harmony must be a moral harmony. And that harmonising motive—so Christ taught—must be Love, or nothing.

Conceive self-interest as the alternative motive. You would then have God and man each fending and fighting for himself. And in that case it would not take long for God either to cancel out man, or to make him the meanest and most miserable of slaves. There would then be Peace in the Universe—at a price, and of a sort.

So that if God and we are to be in tune with one another at all—if we are to be able to live with one another in the same house, or Universe—it must be on a footing of mutual Love.

"But you can't make yourself love," someone says. Can't you? I think you can. You can reason yourself into love. Religion—our religion—postulates love in two aspects: love to God and love to man. Some find it easy to fulfil these postulates; others find it uncommonly difficult in one or other aspect, possibly in both.

GOD HAS A FATHERLY SIDE.

BUT many whom the conception of an aloof, impartial, provokingly rational

Ruler of the Universe, or great First Cause, leaves cold—perhaps even hostile and bitter—have been reasoned into love for Him by Christ. The process may be long and involved, but its essence is this: that God has a fatherly side; that, in fact, to open our eyes to His fatherhood was Christ's chief mission.

By a process of reason, we see that our pet theory of the brotherhood of man has no ultimate sanction—except on the tenet of the Fatherhood of God. It is otherwise an amiable but arbitrary sentimentality—at the very best a makeshift working theory, which at once breaks down before the question: "Why should I treat others as my brothers unless I like?"

There are difficulties, no doubt. We cannot reconcile a good many things that happen with the notion of God's fatherhood. They are bad things—ugly facts. But Christ succeeded in reconciling far worse and uglier things with it; for He continued to love God passionately. This is just a suggestion of how we can begin to reason ourselves into loving God.

But still there is the other objection: "I cannot force myself to fall in love." Someone of whom I knew, now long dead, used to say: "I am at peace with all the world—except Jane Smith."

We all have, or think we have, such "exceptions." But we can reason ourselves—with Christ's help—into loving even them. Of course, there are likes and dislikes—there are degrees of love. Our Lord Himself, Who loved all, loved some more than others. There was a disciple whom, *par excellence*, Jesus loved. It was maliciously reported of an old maid whom I once knew that she had said that she "could love any man." Few of us (in that sense, fortunately) are like that. But, here again, we can reason ourselves into a frame of ever-widening and deepening goodwill to all.

GOOD IN EVERYBODY.

FOR we turn again—as we must always do—to Christ, to see how He did it. His process was obviously this one. He argued that as the good God was, spiritually, the Father of all, there must be good in everybody. And as it was true of our Lord, above all men, that He "needs must love the highest when" He saw it, He set about seeking and finding it everywhere.

And He got countless surprises and rich rewards. He knew well enough what was in

man. He was not merely hoodwinked by the publicans, the harlots and the *parvenus*. Nor was His love for them based on sympathy with their faults and frailties. But, like a water-diviner, He went about discovering bubbling fountains of diviner selves beneath the unlovely crust which they presented to the world.

And He loved that, and loved them for it, and never was content till He had pierced the crust or melted it—till the deep in them had answered to the deep in Him; till the divine fountain burst forth at length, free, pure, perennial. It was thus He saved souls. It was this in them that He loved. It was to buy them "this freedom" that in perfect love He sacrificed all. And we could do likewise if we tried.

THE HIGHER LOVE.

WE could do it if we tried; and, having tried and succeeded, we should find happiness we never knew before. I know men and women who have taught themselves to love lepers. They love them the more passionately the more leprous they are. I know a nurse who caught yellow fever in a pestilential land. She got well. Did she hasten home? No, she spent the next five years doing nothing else but nursing yellow fever cases that most of us would have avoided as the plague. It was the higher love. And she was happy.

The most radiant face I have seen for years was that of a woman who lives in a family (constantly changing) of "fallen" girls. She loves them—passionately; and wells of pure passion break forth in the love they give her in return. Some call that villa in a suburban street a Rescue Home. I call it Heaven.

ROTTEN SOULS.

AND I know the other sort. Champagne and jazz; cocktails and amours; cruises and Lidos; race meetings and casinos; bullying of maids and exploiting of chances; marketing of daughters, making of matches, reshuffling of mates; artificial smiles and jealous frowns; notoriety without nobility; pampered bodies, nerves on edge, rotten souls. Are they happy? Not so far as I have seen. And I have seen a good deal.

What is wrong? They are in love with the wrong people. They are in love with themselves. They have bought their box of spikenard and sprinkled it over themselves. And the rule holds in the moral world that, when you use your spikenard in that way, sooner or later it stinks.

We cannot reconcile a good many things that happen with the notion of God's fatherhood. They are bad things—ugly facts. But Christ succeeded in reconciling far worse and uglier things with it; for He continued to love God passionately.

Freedom in MARRIAGE

Many marriages fail because couples sit in each other's pockets, limit their outside interests, are jealous of each other's doings, and do not see enough of other people.

By
JOAN KENNEDY

(The well-known Novelist)



Beginning with the lilies and crowds at St. Margaret's.

THIS is an age of freedom—for human beings. Although we try to curb, in a thousand ways, the world around us, seeking to harness the tides, to govern the ether, to pierce space, to wrest the secrets of Eternity, to control birth and defy death, yet humanity is a rebel against confining things, against age-old conventions and old-fashioned standards.

Youth, in particular, makes its claims on every hand. In every *pochette* of the working girl lurks a latch-key. Where the new generation is concerned we are, at long last, realising that it is better to guide than drive, so self-development is allowed.

It used to be the fashion to treat a child like a Strasburg goose, to be stuffed with the ideas and ideals of its parents. From rice pudding in the nursery to religious matters, what father and mother thought right was thrust into young digestive organs and consciences. But youth claims the right to refuse rice pudding and ready-made religious reasoning alike. Following "this freedom" we must look for the franchisement of marriage.

MARRIAGE OLD AND NEW.

IN the old days, a woman was supposed to gain by marriage. It was her profession, and man was her protector. She was said to enter matrimony for one of several reasons—to gain a home, from curiosity, to get freedom from parental control, or because she loved a man.

To-day the average woman who works can, if she should wish for one, give herself a home. Knowledge is so much wider that few marry out of curiosity. Many do marry because they love, but the modern maid certainly does not regard the wedding-ring as the symbol of her freedom.

If anything she looks upon marriage as a tie, and regards the estate of matrimony as one which entails a certain amount of giving-up where she is concerned.

Instead of a home of her own, with the man who loves her, being the sanctuary with the open door, it is regarded more as the asylum with the padlock on the outer gate. And this in spite of the fact that divorce has been made easier for women.

Actually in our Western world we have had two standards in marriage—the Mayfair standard and the middle-class standard.

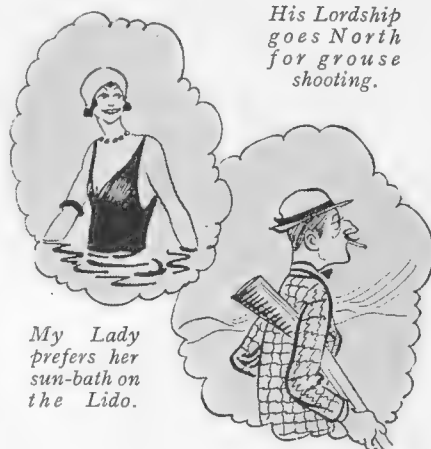
Among the luxury classes we find marriage

beginning with the lilies and crowds at St. Margaret's (or elsewhere) passing through a real and luxurious honeymoon, no necessity for birth control during the first year of glamour, the ability to keep up several homes and entertain widely, and a great deal of personal freedom allowed to the contracting parties in the marriage.

LIVING APART.

IF my Lady prefers her sun-bath on the Lido, while his Lordship goes North for

grouse shooting, she takes it. Between them the whole Mediterranean may flow while she gazes just now into the face of the Sphinx, and he woos the god of chance across the green baize at Monte Carlo. But nobody, in their world, wonders at that. He may or may not collect her in his yacht, and they may or may not be together in the luxurious villa on Cap Martin, the town house, or the castle in Scotland, but their individual freedom is taken for granted in



My Lady prefers her sun-bath on the Lido.

His Lordship goes North for grouse shooting.



It rarely happens that the before-marriage friends of husband and wife will mix after marriage.

the same way as society takes for granted the fact that they must be separated if they sit at the same dinner table.

We say that real home life is to be found in the middle class, but the middle class might take a leaf from the book of the monied class on this point of personal freedom.

For, in marriage, both men and women need a little personal latitude. The old idea of the wife being the shadow of her husband no longer holds. One rarely hears to-day that parrot-like platitude, "My husband says." Women think for themselves and express their own ideas.

It rarely happens that the before-marriage friends of husband and wife will mix after marriage. These friends share a part of his life or her life which the other does not know. A resentment against that knowledge lies behind the mind of a man or woman in love, which may account for the petering out of so many pre-marriage palships. A man drops his bachelor friends and a woman allows her girlish attachments to fade out. Mutual friendships made after marriage take their place.

A NIGHT OFF.

WITHOUT a doubt many marriages fail through couples sitting in each other's pockets, limiting their outside interests, being jealous of each other's doings, not seeing enough of other people. Wise couples give each other a night off, and they curb inquisitive instincts. An evening of freedom is demanded by a housemaid, and it is needed by a wife. Whether she spends it by giving herself a mud-pack behind the locked door of the bath-room, or in a real gossip with a woman pal, should not matter to anybody.

In turn, she expects her husband to take his night off, and he may go to his club, or the boxing-booth, visit a music-hall or have supper with his mother—Mrs. Wife must not mind.

I know one woman who married a man who was a convivial soul. Realising that a man's habits by the time he marries are ingrained in him, she faced a truth.

They agreed on the night-off theory and individual freedom was arranged. Said she, "Now Jim, dear boy, I'm only making one stipulation. When you have your night out I shall be asleep, probably, when you come in, and I'll always have your bed ready for you in the dressing-room. You can sleep there if you know I'd rather not see you."

What actually happened was that Jim never did sleep in his dressing-room. "Hang it all!" he said, "I don't want to be in a state when I can't see my own wife."

His own pride curbed his over-conviviality in a particular direction far better than any preaching from the woman who loved him could have done. In the end it was his suggestion that they should take their nights out together. He had no longing for the fruit which was free.



Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan in "The Iron Mask," a story which begins some years after the close of "The Three Musketeers."

"OH cinema, what criminal liberties are taken in thy name!"—as Mme. Roland might have remarked had she lived and died some 130 years or so later than her famous scaffold utterance. How romance is racked and drama dismembered and historic scenes butchered to make an American scenario! Not that I believe quite all the tales about far-west directors, like the one of him who, on "Saint Joan" being suggested as good film material, promptly turned the idea down with the curt comment that Shakespeare would never "go" on the screen.

No, I give present-day film magnates, who, after all, are a fine and business-like body of men, the credit of ruthless enterprise rather than soul-less ignorance. Like sailors, these sellers simply don't care. "You have the best stories; we'll take 'em and make 'em into business propositions," they say, in effect, to the poor European boobs—who, the longer dead they are, are clearly all the less likely to protest.

HISTORY'S REVENGE.

AS, for example, Alexandre Dumas, on whom history is now at last thoroughly revenged. For he made hay of history, but America, as represented by Allied Artists and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, has now properly made pie of him. This has been done before, of course, in other "Doug." films like *The Three Musketeers*, but never so completely as in *The Iron Mask*, which a good number of screen enthusiasts have by now probably inspected at its "pre-release" at the New Gallery in London.

Taking Liberties on the Screen

The ruthless way in which producers alter and even mutilate stories in adaptations for the screen is discussed by our contributor, who is of opinion that the public are indifferent so long as the pictures are of the popular kind.

By Maitland Davidson

having been disappointed. He makes fun of everything; and yet it is always the right kind of fun—which is to say, serio-comic.

THE GENIUS OF "DOUG."

IN this particular picture our little Hollywood hero is unmistakably at his genially grinning best—and it is among quite

Our good Alexandre, a Creole of sufficiently choleric temper, would doubtless have thrown several fits if he had seen this garbled translation of himself, and, indeed, may even now very conceivably be trembling with ineffectual ghostly rage, as he watches through some long-distance periscope from his trench in Tartarus. For this picture is a veritable hotch-potch of the classic adventures of his *trois mousquetaires*—why three, by the way?

THE FUN'S THE THING.

BUT, to tell the truth, the spectator of this film is not, in fact, deeply troubled by any such inexactitudes. The game is more than the playing of the game, and in this case the net result is some excellently good fun.

I use the word "fun" advisedly. It is an element one confidently anticipates whenever "Doug." is functioning in a film, and I don't remember ever yet

the biggest feathers in his cap that he manages somehow to impose himself on us as a roaring success in a part for which he is superficially unfitted.

The real fact and secret is that this man is an acting genius.

CHARACTERISTIC CLIMAX.

D'ARTAGNAN, having saved the King from imprisonment and his treacherous Twin, at the cost of all his comrades' lives, is struck a mortal blow in the back in the moment of triumph, and totters out into the Palace grounds to die. "Holla!" he cries, in the familiar rallying cry; his friends who have already passed across appear in the clouds above and help him up to a place by their sides, and after a curious and amused glance at the solicitous crowd gathered below round his prostrate earthly body, all four go marching on and up through the welkin in search of further and greater adventure as the curtains close over the screen.



Over two years were spent in producing "Noah's Ark," at Hollywood, a film which has achieved instantaneous success at the Piccadilly.



A gorgeous scene from "Noah's Ark," in which over 7,500 supers take part. Dolores Costello and George O'Brien play the principal parts.

Woman's Right to Work

In the issue of "Britannia," of March 8th, Miss Ethel Mannin declared, in the course of an article on "The Married Woman Worker," that every married woman who works when it is not necessary to do so is keeping an unmarried woman or man out of a job, and is in consequence guilty of anti-social conduct.

In the following article Miss Mannin's point of view is contested.

By

Mrs. Arbuthnot Nairn

wife of the Rev. Dr. Nairn, late Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School.



LIFE is hard, and the way to salvation is beset "with pitfall and with gin." Self-appointed critics are always standing by to jeer at the floundering wayfarer. It is no less difficult than it was when La Fontaine penned his immortal fable of "The Miller, his Sons and the Ass" to please everybody and give offence to none. But, at the present day, it seems to me that my sex comes in for more than its due share of criticism and condemnation.

I agree warmly with an exasperated woman (I believe it was Miss Rose Macaulay) who exclaimed the other day: "I am sick to death of woman with a capital W."

Seriously, is there any need for this rigid demarcation of the sexes in every possible vicissitude in life? I am well aware, being the mother of two children, that certain diverse physical functions are allotted by nature to the male and to the female. But, in actual fact, do we not tend to make too much of them?

I never heard anyone urge that a mare should be excluded from the racecourse, withheld from harness, or excused the plough, because of her sex. In no other department of animal life is sex a bar to any activity, even to fighting—but, of course, that does not enter into the question, as we know that there will never be any more war.

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

IHAD the good, or bad, luck to be brought up in a religious household: there are still a few like me left. Among other things we were instructed in the Parable of the Talents, and warned of the curse that inevitably awaited him who buried his talents in the ground. Speak as you will of Nature, Providence, Evolution or God—the name matters little—the fact remains that women at birth were given by God, or Nature, certain talents. Society has decided that these talents, in justice and reason, should be cultivated.

No one seriously suggests that women should be forced back to the days when a little skill on the harpsichord or piano, and a few execrable and wishy-washy water-colour drawings should be considered a sufficient intellectual equipment for her sex. In those days it was taken for granted that a woman would marry; people were con-

veniently blind to the fact that even then, when the balance of the sexes was less disproportionate, many did not do so. She was then supposed to take on herself the cares of household administration.

Study the picture drawn of Madam Brown in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," or the description of Mrs. Hardcastle's hospitable preparations to entertain young Marlowe. Then, marriage was a "whole-time job": now, I assert emphatically, in the vast majority of cases, it is not. Women no longer live in large houses which demand endless scrubbing, scouring and polishing; they no longer have large families necessitating a governess at the top and a nurse or two at the bottom of the long row of offspring—all permanent members of a large household to be catered for.

The one or two children whom modern social conditions permit are packed off to school at nine or ten years of age, and "mummie" is free of them and their care for eight or nine months of the year. Electric heating and cooking have superseded the old coal fires which meant so much in the way of labour that had to be directed and organised. "There is no coal in the night-nursery, Susan, and you know Miss Jane has got a nasty cough"; and the reluctant, though apparently fatigue-proof, Susan trudges up three flights of stairs bearing a heavy coal-scuttle at her mistress's bidding, only to return a little later carrying cans of hot water under the same all-seeing and all-directing eye. Gone for ever is the still-room where treasured recipes were copied and tried, where jams, pickles, cordials, and even cosmetics were compounded under madam's own supervision, while willing domestic helpers, paid three or four shillings a week and thankful for the post, learned the mysteries of housewifery.

FLATS WITHOUT CHILDREN.

CAST an eye round the older districts of London—Bloomsbury or Kensington squares and gardens—where every house for generations sheltered large families with children galore, whose muddy feet (bless them!) made dirt and work that nobody minded up and down the wide staircases. Now each of those big, ugly, but comfortable houses has been turned into half a dozen flats, and flats and children are mutual

incompatibles. No childish voices are now heard in indecorous shouting (Hush, dear, hush!) upon the stairs. No more nursery-mending that mamma must help poor Nanna with, because the boys do make such holes in their stockings (well! well! growing boys, you know!) No riotous children's parties to lay under levy the wily skill of a beaming, though sometimes peppery, cook. Family life is dying, willing domestic help is non-existent, woman's old-time occupation is gone, and yet there are those who would even deny us the anodyne of work! A daily maid in the morning and the provision catalogues of Harrods, Barker's and the rest give the *coup de grâce* to domesticity by

eliminating all trouble.

WORK FOR IDLE WIVES.

IAPPEAL to any fair-minded person to suggest a reasonable use for the energy thus diverted from its time-honoured channels.

I entirely refuse to believe that inevitable social conditions demand that this army of emancipated women should be denied the right to use their God-given and man-trained faculties in work worth doing. Even in this twentieth century (possibly more to-day than ever before) "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Is it in the interests of society that these idle wives and mothers should fill up their time with bridge, with shopping—buying clothes that they cannot or should not afford—or with evil-speaking or worse? What else is there but work?

Some say "Work, but not paid work." Believe me, generally speaking, there is no such thing as real unpaid work. Work that is not paid ceases all too quickly to be honest work conferring its own dignity.

Others say "They can be helpmeets to their husbands." I wonder. A man is, or should be, capable of doing his own work without the intrusion of feminine fingers. An Oriental proverb has it "The man who owes success to his wife is no good in this world or the next." And, anyhow, a woman cannot feel that her real job in life is to do her man's work *en cachette*. Half the value of the work is lost, and she has neither contentment nor credit. A clever woman once said to me "Isn't it awful to think how many women spend their lives poking the fire with a crooked poker?"

PEOPLE WANT TOO MUCH.

IDO not believe that anyone need be without work. By this I do not mean that every man, woman, and child can get just the job they want at the wages they want. That idea accounts for nine-tenths of the unemployment we see around us. People want too much, they want to do too little for it, and they only want to work at the kind of job they want. That is the main reason for the unemployment figures of to-day. The fact that the best women desire to use their brains, their talents, to the best advantage, has nothing whatever to do with the problem.

SUPER Power for your Radio Set

By ROBERT W. BEARE

WHILE a moving coil loud-speaker may be operated quite well from any modern three-valve set of average efficiency, and will give a volume of sound, with a pentode valve in the power stage, more than sufficient for the average home, there are occasions when every radio user pines for super power. The difficulty then arises as to how to provide the necessary input energy which it is known that the moving coil instrument can handle.

Using a pentode valve, it is not practicable to add another stage of low frequency amplification either before or after the pentode; and yet, if this special valve is eliminated and two ordinary power stages substituted for it, the volume will be little, if any, greater than that provided by the pentode alone.

H.T. DIFFICULTIES.

THIS is as far as the average amateur gets; he is, in fact, at a dead end, for although he knows that it is possible to build wonderful amplifiers employing many large super-power valves, not only is the design and construction of such a unit outside his experience, but he is flooded at the outset by the difficulty of providing adequate high tension. Even the P.625 class of valves when used for this purpose really need something like 200 to 250 volts on their plates, with correspondingly high grid bias voltage, and in any case their current demands when so used are beyond the capabilities of dry

There are occasions on which the wireless enthusiast wants some extra power. Our contributor deals with this quite natural desire, and makes some suggestions as to how it may be satisfied.

batteries to supply. If the moving coil loud-speaker is to be used for entertainments or dancing, therefore, special measures are necessary; and while one is about it, it is just as well to build a really effective amplifier which will give rather more than the maximum power required, instead of the rather less with which most of us perforce rest content.

Since I have just completed the construction of such an amplifier, and am more than pleased with the results obtainable, especially in consideration of the simplicity of the task of building it, possibly a few details may prove useful. A "push-pull" stage was decided upon, using two LS5A valves; and as these valves require a high tension voltage approaching 400, the problem was to find a practical means of supply, while the grid bias question looms large with valves of this class employing their maximum plate potential.

AN EFFICIENT AMPLIFIER.

THE problem is met, in the case of those who have a domestic alternating supply, by the use of the Marconiphone high voltage power transformer "G" or "H," according to the mains voltage, in conjunction with a U8 rectifying valve of the same make, and the necessary smoothing chokes and condensers.

This transformer is one of the most useful that I know. It has three secondary windings, one of which supplies the filament current at 7.5 volts for the rectifying valve, another the filament current for the two LS5A's at 5.5 volts, and the third the high tension potential for the anodes of the latter at a voltage, when rectified and smoothed, of approximately 380. In addition, the necessary grid bias is obtainable, and also the field current for a Marconiphone moving coil speaker.

No batteries of any kind are necessary; in fact the only additional components necessary to build a highly efficient amplifier which will fully load the powerful loud speaker are two power chokes, and two 4 mfd. 800-volt test condensers—and, of course, a base board, a mains switch and half a dozen terminals.

Although this amplifier is specially suitable for use with the Marconiphone A.C. model loud-speaker, as the voltage drop across the field winding of the speaker is employed to provide the high grid potential required by the two LS5A valves, it can, of course, be used with any other type of

instrument capable of handling the volume, and in this case, in place of the field winding of the speaker, a resistance of 800 to 1,000 ohms which will carry 100 milliamperes is connected to secure the voltage drop necessary for grid bias. If a suitable wire wound resistance is not readily available, an ordinary 220-volt, 20 watt metal filament lamp will serve.

In addition to the components already mentioned, an input transformer is required. This can, but need not, be a specially designed push-pull instrument, with a centre-tapped secondary. If such a transformer is not available, the same effect is gained by using an Ideal or any good make, of suitable ratio, to be employed in conjunction with the last valve of the existing radio set.

The push-pull effect is gained by connecting two quarter-megohm gridleaks in series across the transformer secondary, the junction between the two leaks being used as the essential centre tap.

WONDERFUL RESULTS.

PERHAPS a word is necessary as to the wireless set with which this amplifier may be used. Since the volume obtainable is very great and absolutely undistorted, it is advisable that no more than one stage of low frequency amplification should be employed in the set itself, and this should not be furnished by a pentode valve. With an ordinary detector and one L.F. set, or at a distance from the nearest main station with the addition of a screen grid stage of high frequency amplification, wonderful results can be obtained.

Primarily, of course, such an equipment is intended for pure reception at great strength of local broadcasting, but even for distant listening the addition of the amplifier to the existing set nearly doubles the capabilities of a modest equipment. Stations which could be received only by the extreme use of reaction, and even then at a volume that only charity would describe as "loud-speaker strength," will come through with full, rounded power; while the fact that much more moderate use of reaction is possible tends to eliminate distortion.

Although low frequency amplification is intended to increase volume rather than to extend range, the fact that faint transmissions are brought up to full strength does very materially increase the range of a set as well, while the greater purity due to the decreased employment of reaction is a point which is worthy of emphasis.

COST OF UPKEEP.

NEEDLESS to say, a power amplifier of the type described is excellent for gramophone work, and as it operates direct from the mains it is particularly suitable for those who do not actually possess a radio receiver. The cost of upkeep is limited entirely to the additional charge on the quarterly electric light bill, and this is unlikely to be appreciable; but the great point is that all worry as to the adequacy of the H.T., or the likelihood that the L.T. accumulator may run down in the middle of what one regards as an important demonstration is removed.

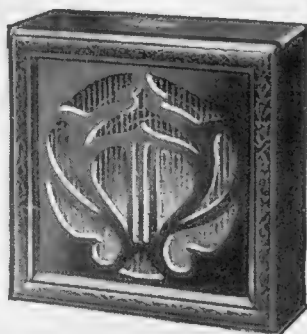
With regard to the question of cost, I have not yet tested the amplifier in question against the domestic meter, but as some sort of a guide, I once definitely noted the consumption of a high tension eliminator used to supply a seven valve set with H.T., and, in the course of a precise twelve hours' run, the consumption was nil—according to the meter!

THERE MUST BE A REASON-

Why the tens of thousands who listen-in praise Celestion.

INCOMPARABLY SUPERIOR

British Materials. British Craftsmen. British Throughout. Thorough testing. Such a combination is essential to produce an instrument which can definitely rank as "Incomparably Superior"



Model C.10. £5 10s. od.

CELESTION

THE VERY SOUL OF MUSIC

The only sure proof of our Statement is to hear Celestion yourself. You can do so without obligation at any good Wireless Dealers, or at our Showrooms. Models range from £5.10.0, in oak or mahogany. Made under Licence.

The new Celestion Booklet is free and gives you briefly and interestingly all particulars.

Write to:

CELESTION LTD. (DEPT. Q)
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Showrooms:
106, VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, S.W.1

WHEN A BETTER LOUD-SPEAKER IS
MADE—CELESTION WILL MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dog Racing.

The attack on greyhound racing published in your issue of March 8th is so at variance with the facts that I trust you will, in fairness, allow me the courtesy of a reply in print. In the first place it is completely barren of facts and is no more than a series of dark insinuations. If your correspondent can produce any information to support any of the charges made, the Stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club will be quite happy to receive it, and will be prepared to act upon it. Your correspondent, whose shy anonymity is proof of a touching modesty, is entirely at fault in suggesting that the coursing community is tired of greyhound racing; the truth is precisely the reverse. This season there have been more recruits to the track sport from the coursing field, and so great a coursing man as Col. Sir John Humphery has lately actually increased the number of his greyhounds on the track—one of them being the famous Hastings, runner-up for the Waterloo Cup last year. Sir Woodman Burbidge, Mr. Edwin Baxter, the Duchess of Newcastle, to quote only a few eminent names in sporting circles, are further instances of people whose interest in the sport continues unabated, and whose kennel representatives are prominent on the big London tracks.

Lord Lonsdale, when he attended the Greyhound Racing dinner at the Savoy Hotel, on February 28th, spoke in most friendly fashion about greyhound racing, and expressed his goodwill towards it. He stated repeatedly and in emphatic terms that he did not believe a single word of any of the allegations of malpractices in greyhound racing, "because," to quote his own words, "I know they are not true."

Success of Tipsters.

The nonsensical remarks about the non-success of the tipsters of the London evening papers merely shows either that the tipping was lamentable, or else that the grading of the greyhounds by the racing manager on this track was superlatively good. Many newspaper tipsters never attend trials, and have never seen the dogs they are tipping to win, so that it is ludicrous to draw any deductions from the failure of the newspaper selections; the very object of the racing manager is to defeat the tipster if he can, and produce a neck and neck race. On the other hand, there were numerous occasions last year when one or the other of the London evening paper men accomplished the feat of "running through the card."

Your correspondent fails entirely to pay tribute to the very many improvements that have been accomplished in the control of greyhound racing by the National Greyhound Racing Club, and of the strict regulations which are enforced at every track. He must be quite ignorant of the numerous enquiries that have been carried out by the stewards and of the steps they have taken to put right things which, on certain tracks, have repeatedly been found to be wrong.

The Attendance Barometer.

So effective has the control of the stewards been in this respect that some of the wrongdoers concerned have, as a result of the stewards' action, been affected severely. He fails to differentiate between tracks licensed by The National Greyhound Racing Club and those unlicensed, and makes no mention of the fact that as a result of the withholding of the Club's licence many of the latter have gone out of action. If your correspondent is keen that greyhound racing be kept clean in the interests of the public, he ought to support the stewards of the Club, and appeal to the public for support, rather than indulge in tirades of unsupported insinuations.

Happily, the "barometer" provided by the attendance figures on the tracks (to use your

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

correspondent's own phrase) stands remarkably high right at the very commencement of the season. At the moment when the uninformed were predicting the collapse of greyhound racing, there were during the first week, in London alone, at the very least 70,000 spectators. Is there any sport or entertainment in the world that draws crowds of from 10,000 to 20,000, and frequently more, night after night, week in, week out? The controlling bodies of other sports and the managements of other forms of entertainment would give their very eyes to see such crowds. We hear of a cricket crowd of 15,000 to watch a Test Match, yet this number is a nightly occurrence on the London tracks. Last year 13,695,272 people attended greyhound racing, an increase of 8,038,589. Can this indicate a dying sport?—C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS. (*Secretary, The National Greyhound Racing Club.*)

A Subsidy for Sport.

Viscount Knebworth in his excellent article "Does Money Spoil Sport?" bemoans the fact of the ever-increasing number of people who play the part of spectator and do not play. The British, as a whole, are the greatest sportsmen in the world, and with the Government paying millions of pounds per annum in social services, surely one of the biggest "social services" they could possibly render would be to earmark a small proportion—and it need only be a very small one in comparison—to the encouragement of sports and athletics and turn over some of our so-called "Parks" to games of all descriptions, whilst a subsidy could very easily be granted to the training of possible champions, and so regain the supremacy that Britain once held in the world of sport.—HENRY W. HUGHES.

Insurance Anomalies.

In your issue of February 15th, the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., says, "It seems only fair that insured persons who leave this country to settle permanently overseas should be able to take with them the capital value of their interest in these funds" (i.e., National Health, Contributory Old Age Pensions, Unemployment and other State Insurances).

The difference between State Insurance and insurance under private enterprise would, however, appear to be that the former has no surrender value, as is proved when the youth who has contributed for many years has attained to a position which renders him liable to income tax, or for other reasons does not require to contribute further to the various State insurances.

Motor car insurances, with their "no claims" bonus, also differ from "Unemployment Insurance," as the last named does not offer a "no claims" bonus.

May I suggest that the insured persons mentioned who settle overseas would not consider it "fair" to shoulder any part of the debt which is represented by the operation of the Unemployment Insurance scheme, and that State Insurance generally has no (individual) capital value, but is in reality a form of taxation, and, if like the Post Office, it makes a profit when all insurance becomes a state monopoly, the profit belongs to the State.—H. BLACKHAM.

South Africa's Policy.

One approves of the action of the British manufacturers in cancelling their tour of South

Africa. Having got so far it was regrettable that they ignored Southern Rhodesia, which is not a part of the Union of South Africa, and it would not have been a waste of time to have visited Rhodesia and ascertain the potentialities of a market for British manufacturers.

It is gross ingratitude on the part of the Union Government, both in the past and the present, having raised considerable loans in Great Britain expending them on the Continent. One of the broad principles dealing with the raising of loans should be that a fair percentage be spent in Great Britain in aiding industries.

Nearly Everyone Can Write

well enough to get into print if he knows what to write about. The Premier School's

SUBJECT CHART

will be sent free on application, together with SAMPLE LESSON.

Pupils under instruction write:

"I've already earned £150, thanks entirely to you."
"Your course has, up to the present, brought me in a return of about £160."

For prospectus and full details, apply Chief-of-Staff,
PREMIER SCHOOL of JOURNALISM,
4 & 5, Adam St., Adelphi, London, W.C.2.



**PAPIER
POUDRÉ**

No Puff, My Dear?

No, I threw mine away ages ago! Messy things; unhealthy, too! You see I always use Papier Poudre. It's so much simpler, just pass one of these refreshing leaves over your face and it will cleanse the pores, and powder evenly and daintily. Besides there's no real need for a mirror.

Obtainable at all Chemists, Hair-dressers & Stores in Rachel, Rose (Naturelle), White and Sunburn tints at 4d., 6d. and 1/4 per book. Poudre Rouge Leaves in two shades, light or brunette, 6d. per book of 24 leaves.

Sole Manufacturers:—

PAPIER POUDRÉ, Ltd.,
46, Baker St., London, W.1

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW

First sold in 1860, its value has been tested and proved for three generations.

Sold
Everywhere
9d. Per
Ball.

Free sample 1d. stamp.

F. CHIVERS & CO., LTD.,
27, ALBANY WORKS, BATH

DEVELOPING & PRINTING

POST YOUR FILMS TO ME.
I develop & print a V.P.K.
or No. 2 Brownie for 1/-.
MARTIN
CHEMIST
SOUTHAMPTON

Regd **DYMUTH** Trade Mark

THE CERTAIN MOTH KILLER
OBTAINABLE from all CHEMISTS and HOUSEHOLD FURNISHERS

Lawn Tennis in America

By F. Gordon Lowe

The watchword of the United States Lawn Tennis Association for 1929 is to be "Peace and Progress," a slogan which was translated into deeds by the reinstatement of Tilden.

WE really could learn something from the way in which the Americans conducted their annual general meeting at Boston in February. This gathering was a very festive affair, and the President gave out at the start that the American watchword in 1929 would be "Peace and Progress." This was refreshing after past differences, and the first announcement made at this meeting that Tilden had been unanimously reinstated to competitive tennis was in accordance with this policy. In addition to the actual business of the meeting, the delegates took part in tennis matches in the morning, lunched together afterwards, and finished up with a banquet in the evening; this procedure was in striking contrast to our own sober gathering last December!

Perhaps taking to heart some of Henri Cochet's friendly but outspoken criticisms concerning their championships last autumn the U.S.A. officials have decided to bring about two very important changes. Cochet, although he eventually won this classic event after a great struggle against Hunter in the final, was a sufferer last year because his match with Mangin was begun on an adjacent court before the exciting Hunter-Crawford encounter had terminated.

This is a nerve-racking experience for any player; luckily, however, it can never happen again at Forest Hills, since in future only one match at a time will be staged in the centre enclosure.

THREE IN A ROW.

INSIDE the big American arenas three courts are always laid in a row, in contrast to our one at Wimbledon; theirs is a more practicable arrangement I fancy from the point of view of saving the surface. Hitherto it has been the American practice, until the final stages are reached, to play two matches at once and sometimes three.

This has always proved most disturbing for the players concerned and most unsatisfactory, too, for the spectators. By this method the latter may be prevented from watching the very match they want to.

THE OLD ORDER OF THINGS.

THE U.S.L.T.A. have also decided that the old order of things in regard to entries, which since 1923 have been limited to 64 players, is to return. Future committees are empowered to accept any

number of entries they please provided these are up to Championship standard. The reason for the original restriction was that the entries before it was in force had risen to 200, while it is now withdrawn because last year over one-third of the entrants were foreign.

In some quarters the return to the unrestricted entry is looked upon with disfavour and as likely to lower the general standard of play in America. While only 64 players were admitted the event was highly exclusive and there was keen competition to be taken. Our own men's championship at Wimbledon is, by the way, limited to 128 players.

These two innovations will mean that the National singles, which event is wisely played at a different time and place to the doubles championship, will run well into a second week. Another little criticism of Cochet's will probably also be remedied, if humanly possible, before the next meeting comes round. This distinguished Frenchman did not disguise the fact that he found the match courts at Forest Hills defective and distinctly below standard; the Americans themselves were agreed upon this point.

NEWS ABOUT GUT.

SOME interesting news comes from Mr. Walter Z. Pate, chairman of the American Tennis Supplies Committee, concerning gut. Mr. Pate will be remembered as the man chiefly responsible for bringing the modern tennis ball up to its present high standard by exhaustive experiments and tests. His committee announce that a process of making tennis strings impervious to moisture or even water has been discovered.

The life of these new strings, they say, will also be much longer than those now in use and that they are better in every way. I myself am a little doubtful whether after long tests these optimistic statements will be found correct. Similar assets have often been claimed for gut before, but up to date no manufacturer has been able to turn out a natural product that can really stand climatic changes.

All sorts of substitutes for animal

gut have been tried out, such as silk and wire. Never yet, however, from a playing point of view has anything been found to touch it. As regards lasting powers, too, artificial gut is apparently little better than the natural product. At the same time a well-known English firm are bringing out an improved and perfected silk gut which perhaps at last may be equal to the real thing. I

feel sure that one day such a substitute will be found. Whether that day has yet arrived remains to be seen.

Animal gut is certainly perfect to play with, but from other points of view it is most unsatisfactory. For instance, the same make and quality of gut may last in one racket a year, while in another for no rhyme or reason a week! Both rackets may have been kept in the same cupboard, played with at the same club by players of similar styles!

SHARPE'S TURN.

AT the recent covered court meeting at Dulwich, honours again changed hands. Olliff, who had triumphed handsomely at Queen's, had to admit defeat after a fine encounter to that brilliant but variable player Donald Grieg. At Dulwich it was Sharpe's turn to succeed. He did so in no uncertain fashion, giving a masterly display against Harris, who was perhaps a little jaded after his five-set struggle against Ohta.

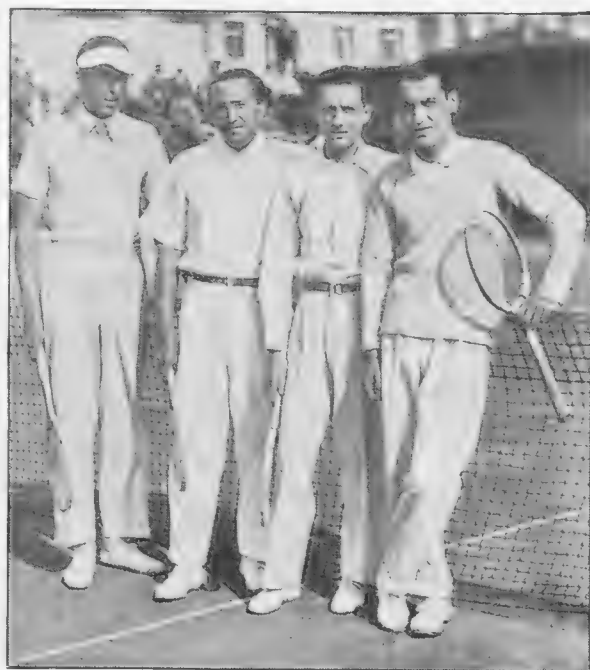
An unfortunate incident occurred in the semi-final when Crole-Rees yielded up his match without any visible fight to Harris. The former, who had important double matches to follow, was rightly upset at the tardy arrival of his opponent. One wonders what the object of playing at all can be if a player is not out to take things seriously. It is painful for his opponent, the spectators, and in fact all concerned.

MISS RYAN AT DELHI.

Facts are now to hand concerning Miss Ryan's sudden withdrawal from the finals at Delhi, and it seems that the whole regrettable trouble arose from the changing of times for the tournament games.



Miss Morrill, the American player, who has been taking part in the International Tournament at Bordighera. She partnered Mrs. Satterthwaite in the Women's Doubles and G. L. Rogers in the Mixed Doubles.



An international group at Bordighera. Left to right: "Louis" Worm (Denmark); Baron von Kehrling (Austria); "Toto" Brugnon (France), and de Stefani (Italy).

Rugby Tourists' Impressions

When the Waratahs visited this country a few seasons ago they were greatly impressed by the hospitality accorded to them, and a Report on their visit emphasises this.

By John Orchard

I AM indebted to Mr. Cecil Dixon, the well-known member of the Rugby Union Committee, for what is one of the few copies of the Waratahs' Report that has so far reached this country. To us, as hosts, the report makes gratifying reading; every page testifies that the tour, in the social as well as in the football sense, far exceeded the anticipations of our guests.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

IT is impossible to convey the general impression left upon them more completely than by quoting the actual words of one of the concluding paragraphs of the Report.

"Let it be remembered that, in the first place, we left Australia—laying equal accent on every word—simply as an untried team of amateur Rugby football players. At that time our minds were filled with thoughts of the game, our chances of success in play, and the novelty and interest naturally attached to our venture. If we thought at all of what might be offered us in the way of amusement or diversion, all that we expected was the formal welcome, with customary incidentals, of our confrères in the countries visited.

"Instead, or rather in addition, we were treated by all after the manner that might be appropriate on the return to a family circle of some much esteemed and long absent member of it. We were accorded as a team, by all, from the highest notabilities to the crowds of spectators who paid to see the games, the most genuine and hearty exhibitions of goodwill and appreciation. We realised and fully comprehended the trouble taken on our behalf, and that

it was in our corporate capacity, so to speak, that entertainment after entertainment, of bewildering diversity and intense interest, was lavished on us without stint or restriction. In fact, we attended functions, visited places, met people and saw industrial processes and other items that we, as individuals, would never come across in a lifetime."

the King's dairy, the greenhouses, the estate in general, and York Cottage. After lunch they were presented to the King, whom they accompanied on a shoot, and subsequently to the Queen. Before their departure each man was given a pheasant from the day's bag. A momentous day, indeed; and a typical instance of the King's thoughtfulness and thoroughness.

The Navy, the Army and the Air Force paraded their engines of war in manoeuvres specially staged in their honour, and it is small wonder that the Waratahs appreciated such a compliment. Deeply impressed and surprised were they by the repetition by different public bodies in the same town of entertainments in their honour.

Reading between the lines of this very interesting Report, I would hazard the guess that our friends from New South Wales experienced their greatest thrill as they walked off the field at Twickenham at the conclusion of their last match in England. They had punted the ball for the last time; their last keen tackle, their last sprint down the touch-line, their last short, sharp pass of a wonderful tour had been made. Not a little regretfully they turned towards the pavilion; suddenly, the band played "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" and "Auld Lang Syne." This was indeed a farewell to gallant friends.



St. George's Hospital and London Hospital played a drawn game at their first meeting in the semi-final of the Hospitals Cup, both sides failing to score. A London player gets away with the ball.

Most of us still remember the Waratahs' declaration on landing in England that the spirit of Rugby (surely the greatest of all ball games?), and not the winning of matches, was to be their prime consideration; nor have we forgotten how consistently that policy was adhered to. Because of that and because of their unflinching good humour and sportsmanship, the officials as

well as the people of this country took the Waratahs to their hearts in practical fashion.

THE KING'S HOSPITALITY.

THE Report describes in detail and with justifiable pride their day's visit to Sandringham. Royal motor drags met them at the station; they were then shown, and in no perfunctory manner, the church, the royal stud,

AN UNUSUAL COMMENT.

IN the course of the synopsis of the different matches played, there occurs a comment which Rugger folks in this country will read with interest and some surprise. "Combined counties could produce stronger opposition than a single county or a club." We in England have been taught and have grown to accept the principle that team work is all-important and that a strong club or county side is more than a match for a scratch team. The Waratahs held this to be a fallacy; their explanation being that a club or single county side usually contained one or two weak players on whom they were able to concentrate.

The Waratahs played 28 matches in their tour proper. Of these, 22 were won, 4 were lost and 2 were drawn. The games lost were against Oxford University, Pontypool, Scotland and England. Against Oxford they rested many of their best players, partly because there was every indication that Oxford were weak and partly because Leicestershire, Cambridge University, the Combined Services and Ireland had to be met within the next fortnight. A similar reason probably accounted for the Pontypool defeat, which occurred within a week of the match with Scotland.

Don't envy other men's Hair—use ANZORA yourself!



When a man's hair is smart and lustrous looking—and it remains so—he uses ANZORA. Only ANZORA can so thoroughly master the hair.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores.

ANZORA
Masters the Hair!

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

Unorthodox Golf Practice

By C. PETTE TRISCOTT

At 79 years of age our contributor is amazingly fit, and continues to instruct modern youth in the strenuous delights of golf, badminton, and tennis. Try out his "Golf Hints" over Easter.

MY teaching is very simple. I do not conduct you backwards from the "drive" to the "putt," but I start with the latter and work up to the former. You will be surprised to find that with slight modifications in "stance" (and of course, length of swing) all strokes are truly formed from the putt. Thus, when you have learnt to "putt" correctly, you have only to take the mashie and go ten yards off the green and use exactly the same stance and action and *without lifting your head* place a dozen balls somewhere near the flag. When you can accomplish this from 70 yards, you put the mashie away and take the medium iron. Begin at a distance of 50 yards and let the club do the work, and be careful not to hit too hard, as the distance which can be gained by a medium iron is well up to 160 yards—many use it for 200 yards. The full swing with the iron is between the full swing with the mashie and the full swing with the brassie. I am not dealing with the creak at present.

THE "PUTT."

FIRST of all let me begin with the "stance" and action of the "putt." It is best for my progressive method that the "stance" be upright. The grip I adopt is the "Vardon," which is so well known that it does not need description. Place a ball one yard from the hole and your putter behind it—then place your right foot *square* with the hole and the left toe pointing direct at the hole—the feet about a foot and a half apart. The left shoulder and elbow must now be in a direct line with the ball and the hole, so that the stroke is made as if you were carrying the putter head into the hole. This gives the correct follow through.

This is the plainest of all "putts," but remember every putt, short or long, must be a *follow through*—never "stab"! All golfers know that there are "putts" which depend on the slope of the ground—"cut putts"—to neutralise this, and also to get past a stymie, and these can only be explained separately.

There are long putts from the edge of the green which are best made with a follow through of the *body*, at the moment of striking the ball, so as to gauge the necessary strength to the last moment—and whatever you do, *give the hole a chance*—never up, never in, has

lost countless matches and countless tempers! If in 18 holes you are not past the pin with mashie and putt you have lost 36 strokes, some of which might have holed out!

PRACTICE INDOORS.

TO get practice in a room, choose a straight line in the carpet and pass the centre of the putter backwards and forwards always direct back and to the hole. I designed a "V" line putter which makes this easy and anyone can take a file and make a small "V" in the centre of the face at the top which is very effective. This has been copied on nearly all clubs.

WHEN YOU PLAY GOLF

Go all for enjoyment and "never mind the grey skies."

Take the driver up slowly with full swing. Don't start hitting from behind.

Keep your eye on the back of the ball, and head down, until the ball has gone away.

Keep your feet firmly pressed to the turf and swing from the hips only.

I add a list of "Don't forgets"—

Upright stance.

Left elbow and shoulder facing hole.

Right foot square with hole.

Left toe pointing to hole.

Feet 18 inches apart open stance.



Golf is a game for all ages. Brigadier-General Cockerill, M.P., for instance, is a keen player at the age of 62, and is seen playing at Roehampton for the Parliamentary Golfing Society.

Back slow.
Follow through.
Never "stab."

THE MASHIE

I NOW proceed to give the evolution of the mashie stroke from that of the putter, and I think it will cause some surprise to my golfing readers to find they have been led to look upon the mashie as a club which was a distant relation and not a brother of the putter! Very naturally we cannot take an upright stance for any stroke with the mashie owing to the length of the shaft and also that the grip (Vardon) is at the place where the leather meets the shaft. But the stance is the same, only a little more open and the ball is played opposite the right foot.

Now, taking your object as the flag, you rest yourself firmly on the right leg, and your left shoulder and elbow are sloped slightly upwards towards the flag. The grip for short shots is light, only the weight of the club head being made use of.

The most important part of the approach is to "loft," but the most important part of your performance is to make the mashie face do this for you and not to do it yourself. Pass the mashie smoothly along the turf under the ball and this will be far more effective than taking a "fid" out behind the ball. When 70 yards off, take a small piece of turf.

A LOVELY STROKE.

IF you wish to loft over high trees, say 100 ft. or so, let the left knee sink towards the ground as far as possible—then as you take a full swipe the left knee straightens and the right knee bends and the ball flies up straight and high. It is a lovely stroke, and quite worth while getting into a bad place for the purpose of having a shot at it. There are now very large horrors called mashie niblicks, very difficult to use, so stick to the good old-fashioned mashie.

A mashie shaft should have a "steely" spring in it and not feel like a broom handle. When you can accomplish 80 to 90 yards it is time that you took it round the links by itself and tested it with all strokes; it is very fascinating, as, in fact, is all "one club" play.



Those who become the best players have started young, but there is no reason why those who start at a more mature age should not become good exponents of the game.



There is a difference between driving in congested city streets and on crowded country roads, and the new car owner will find much useful advice on the latter in the following article.

DRIVING IN CROWDS

By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce

THERE is a great deal of difference between driving a car through the ordinary congestion of city streets and driving in the traffic queue; which, it is to be feared, will be a still more marked and unpleasant feature of motoring this season—starting from Easter! Just a word of warning, therefore, may be useful to those who, having recently taken delivery of their first cars, think that because they have become more or less accustomed to traffic driving, there is nothing more to fear or to be learnt.

The actual congestion of traffic prevents anything but minor misdemeanours on the part of drivers, but on the open road—or the road which used to be open—there is more room for the display of impatience; and the driver who has persuaded himself that he is in a hurry can complicate matters very badly for the inexperienced members of the throng.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

AS a matter of fact, it is a most difficult matter to select a speed which one vows one will not be tempted into exceeding, and to stick to it! Yet that is the only way on such roads as we shall find within forty miles of London if the Easter holidays prove to be fine. For the sake of argument, let us say that we will not exceed thirty miles an hour. For a great part of the time, of course, this maximum cannot even be approached; but as we get farther from town the queue of cars begins to string out a little, and every now and again it is possible to maintain a steady pace for a fraction of a mile.

In the course of that

clear stretch one overtakes another car in front of which there is not another vehicle. It is easy to slip by, apparently, without exceeding one's predetermined maximum. But in the meantime a car is seen approaching in the opposite direction, and in order to carry out the original intention of overtaking, it is necessary to speed right up to forty or so.

From that time onwards good intentions are scrapped; and a journey to the sea consists of a series of violent accelerations to pass other cars, a short clear run, and violent brakings. Lurking behind the collection of slow cars which has held one up, it becomes necessary to pass three or four at once, and this, in view of the traffic in the other direction, generally involves speeding up far above the forgotten maximum.

That is the way the man who really is, or allows impatience to persuade him that he is, in a hurry proceeds; and there is no more nerve-racking or dangerous way of driving. If one cannot reconcile one's self to conditions it is better not to go out at

all when it is almost certain that the roads will be crowded with holiday makers.

There are, of course, two alternatives. To start early in the morning, while the majority are only beginning to think about breakfast, or to choose another route which, while being longer and possibly narrower, is likely to be more free from traffic. Unfortunately, as time goes on, everyone will "come early to avoid the crush"; and there are now so many beginners on the roads who, very sensibly, keep away from the main roads, that the byroads themselves are not to be trusted to afford peaceful motoring.

NEED FOR GOOD BRAKES.

WITH the best intentions in the world, and in spite of the most careful scheming, it is inevitable sometimes to be caught in the main road traffic, and therefore, it is of vital importance that the car itself should be maintained in perfect condition, particularly as to brakes. It may not be excusable to travel at any time with weak brakes, although with care it is possible to drive with perfect safety when the roads are more or less empty. As a unit in a holiday traffic queue, however, nothing less than 100 per cent. efficiency should be tolerated, for even though no accident occur, driving a car with poor brakes in such circumstances is a punishment worthy of the crime.

Another matter worth attention is the slow running of the engine, particularly if servo brakes of the vacuum type are fitted. A great deal of running will be done with the engine idling; there will be stops of indefinite duration when the traffic gets into a tangle; and if the engine is in danger of stopping every time the foot is taken from the accelerator there will not only be a good deal of unnecessary nerve wear for the driver, but the starter batteries may become so exhausted (in the absence of much straightforward running to recharge them) that the lighting is unsatisfactory on the run home.

Another matter worth attention is the slow running of the engine, particularly if servo brakes of the vacuum type are fitted. A great deal of running will be done with the engine idling; there will be stops of indefinite duration when the traffic gets into a tangle; and if the engine is in danger of stopping every time the foot is taken from the accelerator there will not only be a good deal of unnecessary nerve wear for the driver, but the starter batteries may become so exhausted (in the absence of much straightforward running to recharge them) that the lighting is unsatisfactory on the run home.

AN IRRITATING FAULT.

ON any well-designed modern engine, poor, slow running is a result of some easily curable fault. It may be caused through leaky induction joints, improper tappet adjustment, valves in need of grinding in, or merely through a faulty setting of the slow-running device on the carburetter. Whatever the cause, it should be attended to; the setting of the throttle stop so that the engine does not slow down to a rate of revolution at which it is in danger of stopping is a very poor expedient, and usually complicates the matter of gear changing, since the layshaft in the gearbox will be revolving much faster than is desirable.

In the same connection, a sticky accelerator pedal



An example of a two-car garage built as an integral part of the house. Sliding doors will be found to have certain advantages over those with hinges.

is also to be avoided. There are many joints and bearings between the pedal and the throttle on the induction pipe, and in about 90 per cent. of cases these are grossly neglected. Just a little dryness or dirtiness at a single point is sufficient to make the car most unpleasant to drive, since the engine will not slow down reliably to its set idling speed, and particularly in the case of holiday traffic driving this is a most irritating fault.

THE DANGERS OF TWILIGHT.

ANOTHER condition which quite a large number of motorists have not yet experienced is twilight, but the evenings are rapidly lengthening, and with the warmer weather runs will be prolonged, so that it will be necessary to drive through this period. That period after the sun has set when it is just dark enough to make one want some additional illumination, and yet in which the headlamps seem to have practically no effect, is most misleading.

Fortunately, it does not last much longer than half an hour, but if it can be made convenient it is much better to stop for a rest and restart only when it is really dark enough to light up. The fading light is fatal to judgment of speed and distance—the two factors which count most in driving—and for safety it is necessary to slow down to an extent which brings down one's average almost as badly as an actual half-hour's halt would do.

The effect is more particularly noticeable in open country; between trees darkness creeps on more quickly, and the headlamps do serve to light up the heavier shadows. There is another thing. Twilight comes at the end of, probably, a long day's run, when the driver, and especially the inexperienced driver, is already inclined to fatigue. The greater difficulty of driving in the failing light serves to impress him with his tiredness, and he views with dread the remaining fifty miles or so to be covered. That little rest avoids all this, and half an hour after all seldom matters much one way or another.

TWO CAR GARAGES.

THE question of storing a second car at home is already on its way to being another motoring problem. Few modern houses are erected without some form of provision for garage space, but only the builders of larger properties have considered the possibility that the purchaser might wish to keep more than one vehicle.

Yet the tendency to two-car ownership is steadily on the increase, and even those motorists who have not yet been struck with the idea would do well, in selecting new residences, to bear the point in mind. While an ordinary motor house is being constructed, it adds little to the cost to make it capable of holding two cars; and even in cases where the garage forms an integral part of the house it would often, with a simple modification of the original plans, be possible to extend the available space.

WARE FUMES.

THE danger of inhaling the exhaust gases is no new discovery; in fact, there have been quite a number of deaths through this cause. That which the novice may not appreciate is the fact that it is

not the gases which are visible which are dangerous, or not necessarily so. Smoke from an over-lubricated engine and heavily carbon-charged fumes from one with a badly adjusted carburetter are visible, and are most unpleasant to eyes and nose.

No one in his senses would stay for any length of time in such fumes; but the fatal fumes, carbon monoxide gas, are invisible and undetectable, and are present when a car engine is apparently running with perfection of lubrication and carburation.



When tuning up in the garage the window and door must be kept open, a draught which scatters the noxious fumes being thus induced.

On no account should the engine ever be tuned up while running in a closed garage. At least the doors should be left open; but it is safer still to take the car into the open air whenever possible for such purposes.

TRYING OUT THE CROSSLEY SUPER SIX.

Engine	.. Six cycls., 75 m.m. bore and 120 m.m. stroke; 3,198 c.c. Pushrod operated overhead valves.
Tax	.. £21.
Clutch	.. Single plate.
Gearbox	.. Four speeds, 4.29, 6.3, 9.94, and 16 to 1; right-hand change.
Ignition	.. Magneto.
Carburetter	Stromberg.
Electric equipment	Rotax.
Price	.. Fabric saloon, £795.

IN contradistinction to the majority of other makers, the Crossley Company has adhered to the policy of concentrating upon a small number of models, and supply-

ing a wide variety of body types to suit all purposes when associated with either of the two current chassis. And in the 15.7 h.p. and the 20.9 h.p., the firm have what are generally admitted to be the best Crossleys ever turned out.

Each of these two is made in standard and semi-sporting types, with the same engine dimensions and general chassis details, the smaller model being known as the two-litre and the larger as the super six. It was the last-named that was the subject

of a recent test. As an exceptionally speedy touring car, the vehicle proved to have many outstanding points, and perhaps most notably of all the sensation which it gives of clinging to the road when cornering even at a pace considerably faster than what one might call the "natural" speed of the bend.

In spite of a top gear of 4.29 to 1, the engine was remarkably lively, and in ordinary running—as apart from making the most sporting performance possible, when the gears would naturally be used—proved capable of accelerating smoothly and rapidly almost from a standstill.

It was also a particularly sweet running engine, capable of a cruising speed of 50 miles an hour or more in almost complete silence so far as mechanical sounds were concerned.

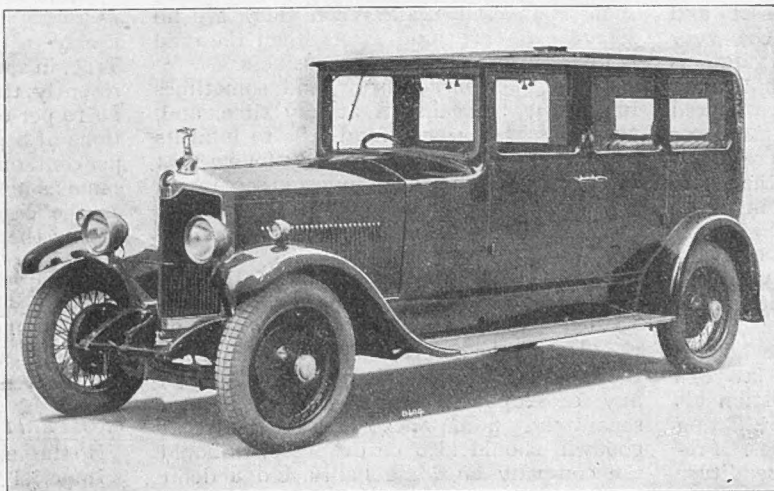
The remainder of the car and its performance were in keeping with the high degree of refinement of the engine, suspension being excellent, the brakes good, and the general comfort of the seating beyond reproach.

SEA MOTORING DEVELOPMENT.

AS the season develops it will be found that great progress has been made at nearly every popular seaside resort in the provision of thrills for those visitors who wish to venture out in speed boats. Motoring on the sea at forty miles an hour or so proved so great an attraction last year that enterprising firms and individuals foresee a rich harvest this season, and there has been considerable competition for the right to run these speed boats at the different coast towns.

An unusually early Easter and the uncertainty of the weather may postpone the opening of the season in many cases, but at some places a determined effort is being made to start the service this holiday weekend. This is the case notably at Bognor, which is expecting a record season, where the speed boat trips will be run from the pierhead.

There have been rumours that the still more thrilling experience of riding in fast outboard hydroplanes will be available for visitors to other towns, but in view of the healthy bark of these wonderful little engines it may be considered that their disadvantages in this respect, from the point of view of public transport, will outweigh their advantages. In any case, the motor-boating movement in one form or another has achieved a very distinct hold at last.



The Crossley Super Six is an exceptionally speedy touring vehicle and has a remarkably lively engine.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

TIME and again investors seek my advice on the soundness of a company's financial position, as judged from the balance-sheet. Occasionally I have been asked how the real value of shares can be ascertained from the figures disclosed in the statement. When once properly understood, the average balance-sheet is an extremely simple document. On one side, usually the left-hand, is set out the liabilities and all other obligations. The first item, generally, is the share capital, for that is a liability to the shareholders. And also the amount of debentures issued as well as mortgages and loans. The reserve fund appears under the same heading, for it also is a liability to the shareholders.

On the assets side, everything the company owns should be scheduled at its estimated realisable value. Unfortunately, "estimated" values are merely a matter of opinion, and so, in the course of time, it not infrequently happens that the directors of a company have to call the shareholders together and explain that the assets are grossly over-valued, and that they have been advised to write them down by a considerable amount, this involving, of course, a corresponding reduction in the capital, otherwise the balance-sheet will not balance.

VALUATION OF ASSETS.

IN a well-managed company, provision is usually made each year for depreciation of assets by appropriating a proportion of the profits for the purpose. For example, a manufacturing concern has machinery which originally cost £100,000, but in the course of time the machinery has worn out. This wear and tear is a trading expense and should be met out of profits. If original cost is written down by $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. each year, its balance-sheet value at the end of ten years should appear as £25,000.

Goodwill is a questionable asset and should be written down from the very commencement. Its realisable value is doubtful. No item should figure in a sound balance-sheet at more than its estimated value. Stock which is likely to perish or go out of fashion quickly should be returned at its current selling value. Another item—a mystery to the uninitiated in those matters—is preliminary expenses. An investor once wrote to me: "How can preliminary expenses in connection with the formation of a company be regarded as an asset?"

Probably the same person, if he bought a house, would add to the cost the lawyer's fees and stamp duty and not question his action in including them in his valuation of assets as represented by properties. Preliminary expenses are a capital expenditure for which receipts are held, and, while it is true they represent mere book items of no real value, they must be included in the

assets, as otherwise the accounts would not balance.

WHAT LIQUID ASSETS ARE.

THE expression "liquid assets" puzzles many shareholders. That description is applied to assets readily convertible into cash at any time, as distinguished from assets which are difficult of realisation without impairing the business. Liquid assets embrace such items as investments, debtors, and bills.

As regards trading profits and losses. When a loss is made and the amount is carried forward as a debit, the item appears on the assets side, for in effect it is a debtor item to be made good at some future date. Conversely, any undistributed profits appear as a liability, as they count as such as between the shareholders themselves. Undistributed profits, usually, are represented on the other side of the balance-sheet by an equivalent amount in cash or bills.

Now as to the reserve fund. As the term implies, such fund should be made available

your total the following items on the liability side: debentures, mortgages, loans and current liabilities. Ignore the amount of any reserves and the undistributed profits. The difference between the liabilities and the assets represents the net assets covering the share capital.

As a rule, preference shares and preferred ordinary shares in a winding up are entitled to no more than their face value. The surplus assets usually belong to the holders of the ordinary shares, and the deferred, if any.

To ascertain the surplus of liquid assets over current liabilities, add together the items: investments, debtors, bills and cash. Then deduct therefrom current liabilities, mainly bills and creditors. Any reserve fund investments should be ignored.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES.

THE City did not for a moment expect that the Imperial Chemical Industries would pay dividends at this early stage in the company's career to justify quotations of over £2 for the ordinary and 15s. for the deferred shares. I have said so lately in reply to financial inquiries. The market values of the company's shares are not based upon immediate dividends, but upon the prospects and future earning capacity of the great industrial combine with its £64 millions of share capital.

Lord Melchett at last year's meeting clearly indicated that the company would rigidly follow the traditions of conservative finance, and I gathered from his remarks that the intention of the Board in the early years is to devote part of the profits to building up a strong financial structure. That the reserve funds already should exceed £11,000,000 is to me a noteworthy achievement. The future prosperity of a concern which starts out on sound lines as that is beyond question.

As to last year's profits: The amount is £5,488,243, representing an increase of nearly a million upon the 1927 results. True, in some quarters hopes were expressed recently that the ordinary dividend would be 10 per cent.; but the proposed distributions of 8 per cent. on the ordinary and $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the deferred shares, although the same as before, call for larger disbursements as the capital was increased considerably during the year.

Slightly better rates could be paid, but after all 8 per cent., while not excessive, is fairly generous for a young company. And it must not be overlooked that £1,000,000 of the latest profit is being allocated to the reserve fund.

PROSPERITY AHEAD.

IN the market they will tell you that Imperial Chemical Industries' shares in time will reach an investment status like the shares of Imperial Tobacco and other prosperous commercial undertakings. The

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to enquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

at any time to meet special emergencies. Too often a reserve fund is not wholly represented by specially earmarked assets, such as investments. When there are no separate reserve fund assets, then the fund is invested probably in the business.

If so, it becomes difficult, and sometimes impossible, to realise it at any time, and, therefore, the reserve fund fails to fulfil its object. It does not necessarily follow that a company which has not invested separately its reserve fund is unsound financially. Quite the opposite might be the position.

TO ASCERTAIN BREAK-UP VALUES.

TO analyse a balance-sheet and arrive at a valuation of the share capital, first take the total of the assets and deduct therefrom the amount of preliminary expenses and any development expenditure, if stated separately. Some authorities contend that goodwill should also be deducted. Should the company be doing badly and a debit be shown, it must be deducted.

Having made the necessary deductions from the assets, you proceed to deduct from

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued).

I.C.I. is not engaged in luxury trades. Its subsidiary companies are manufacturing products which have become necessities to modern civilisation. Essential chemicals for peace industries; explosives for war-time activities, if such should recur. Dye-stuffs and synthetic ammonia for agriculture.

On this page I could not enumerate the diverse productions of the combine. I know that about the middle of last year the I.C.I. had control of 40 manufacturing and trading concerns, and a large measure of control over more than 30 other companies. I mention that fact to emphasise the great possibilities of the combine.

Naturally its ramifications are world-wide and its interests with those of foreign companies touch at many points. I understand that the I.C.I. is also interested in many branches of United States industry through investments between Du Pont, Allied Chemicals and General Motors.

Those of my readers who happen to hold I.C.I. shares should certainly retain them as an investment. Ignore any setback in the shares; it should prove but a temporary fluctuation. I am convinced that Lord Melchett would not have brought into being the great combine unless he was assured that it had a prosperous future as a consolidated organisation.

COPPER BOOMING.

FOR the first time for some years, the price of copper has approached £100 per ton. Fears of a shortage of the metal have led to the greatly increased demand now being experienced; but what actually led up to the present position was last year's unexpected expansion in the consumption of the metal. That was considerable, and much in excess of the normal growth of demand. So copper producers have been caught napping.

The strength of the current demand and the statistical position, particularly in regard to production, point rather to the maintenance of a price of over £90 a ton for the red metal than to a sharp setback. It may be that there is a good deal of speculation going on in copper, but I am told that the trade buying is heavy.

GOOD FOR SHAREHOLDERS.

ALL this is distinctly encouraging, of course, for shareholders in copper producing companies. One of the best known of such is Tanganyika Concessions, which has a substantial interest in the Union Minière du Haut Katanga. The latter is one of the world's richest copper mines, with an output of about 115,000 tons last year.

As previous year's production was 89,000 tons, with copper selling at lower prices, it is obvious that the Tanganyika is going to fare well this year. If the price of copper continues to advance, "Tanks" should go over £4. Anyhow, there seems scope for a 10s. rise in them over the next few months.

RAILS LOOKING UP.

AS I have pointed out before, it only needs a series of encouraging weekly

traffic returns to bring into favour again Home Railway stocks. The manner in which prices responded last week to the better traffic figures indicated as much. There is ground for hope that at last the steady decline in railway earnings has been arrested and that the weekly returns from now onwards will show to better advantage.

BETTER TRADE SIGNS.

SIGNS are certainly not lacking that the long period of depression on our basic

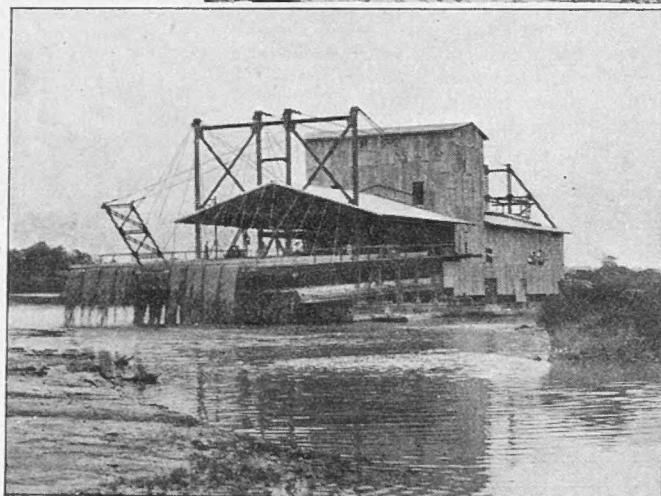
as compared with 1927, while imports declined by over £21 millions. The total of the latter was still well in excess of exports, so that there was an adverse balance of £353 millions. In other words, commerce was living above its income by that amount, and not until the one balances the other can we say that our national prosperity has been restored. The encouraging feature of the position is that last year's adverse balance was considerably lower than that of the previous normal year, namely, £463 millions in 1926.

While the monetary value of British overseas trade is now something like 45 per



View of Lahat Mines, a typical example of an open cast tin mine in the F. M. S., showing the earth being conveyed to that part of the mine where hydraulicking operations are carried out.

[By courtesy of the Malay States Information Agency.]



Electrically operated tin dredge at work on the Pengkalen Company's concession. The tin-bearing earth is conveyed into the interior of the dredge and the ore there separated.

[By courtesy of the Malay States Information Agency.]

industries is wearing itself out. Ship-building, iron, steel and coal are the industries on which Britain's prosperity is based. These are now all on the upgrade. Bare comparison of the production of iron and coal last year with that of 1927 is of little use as 1927 was abnormal in that the arrears of the general strike of 1926 had to be made up. But the general improvement in the industrial situation becomes more apparent when the statistics for the last quarter of 1928 are analysed. These at once indicate that the basic industries are on the upgrade.

Taking the trade and commerce of the country as a whole, the value of British exports last year exceeded £723 millions, representing an increase of over £14 millions

cent. above that of pre-war (£525 millions in 1913) no expansion to that extent has taken place. The real test of an improvement is expressed in quantities rather than in cash values, for due allowance must be made for the rise in the cost of living and the lessened buying power of the pound sterling. Thus a direct comparison between pre-war and present-day is rendered almost impossible because of the variety and range of prices.

In the Census of Production for 1924, the net output of this country for 1924 indicated a net increase over that of 1907 (when the previous census was taken) of 19 per cent., after making allowance for the rise in prices. Since then I do not imagine much alteration has taken place. Anyhow, as the "world's workshop," Britain's industrial output at the present time is far below what it ought to be. There is no question about our productive capacity. It is capable of meeting a big expansion in consumptive demand, if only the orders could be obtained.

The photograph of a rubber plantation reproduced in last week's issue was by courtesy of the Rubber Growers' Association.

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued).

Modern Trade Tendencies

How Regeneration of British Industry Must be Carried Out.

"A REVIVAL of trade is imminent and better times are ahead," everybody has been saying for the last two years. It seems to me that the common expectation of a revival of business based merely upon cheap money is founded on a confusion of ideas. The international distribution of commerce, as a consequence of the war, has been altered, and one of the most serious problems confronting British industry to-day is the ability of those concerned to adapt it to the changed conditions.

The recent series of reports of the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade and the Census of Production (although it deals with the year 1924) are extraordinarily interesting studies in modern trade tendencies. The practical lessons to be drawn from those inquiries and surveys are plain.

Former markets are no longer available to the same extent owing to the development of local manufacture. And in many countries we, as international traders, have to encounter the restrictive influence of high tariffs. Again, the effect of the reduced spending capacity on the consuming power of many countries has to be taken into account. Those factors and the instability of prices have hindered the flow of trade and commerce.

A PRESSING PROBLEM.

FROM this it is to be inferred that the immediate problem is to find new outlets for British goods in order to recoup us for the loss of former markets. But in its final report the Balfour Committee says that British industries to compete successfully in overseas markets must, in the first place, subject their organisation and equipment to reconditioning.

That means the writing down of capital, as has been done in the case of Vickers, of Baldwins, and of half a dozen other large concerns. It also means the modernising of plant and the scrapping of obsolescent equipment, involving the raising of additional capital.

Let me say that nothing is more transitory than the interest-yielding power of money sunk in manufacturing equipment. An enormous expansion may take place in the productive capacity of any plant; but, unless markets can be found for the products thereof, a large production will soon result in a lowering of prices, which brings the interest-yielding power of the capital sunk in the enterprise down to zero.

FOREIGN RIVALS MORE WIDE-AWAKE.

THIS country being primarily dependent upon overseas trade, it is essential that it should not be behind its foreign rivals in the possession of up-to-date equipment and plant. It is doubtful whether in efficiency and methods of production Britain has improved so rapidly, since the close of the war, as some of its principal competitors.

At any rate, the economic position is not a happy one when comparison is made with the industrial production of other countries. I may as well remind you that the post-war depression is partly due to the enormous expansion of industry during the war. The capacity of the plants that were installed is far beyond that of normal peace-time requirements.

That, however, does not affect the comparison. Based upon population the per capita production of this country at the end of 1928 was something like 20 per cent. below that of 1913, whereas America, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Sweden were all above the pre-war average.

What, for instance, is the industrial position of Germany? Through the operation of the Dawes plan and with the aid of financial assistance from Great Britain and the United States that country has been able to finance a huge industrial rationalisation scheme, re-equip her basic industries, and finance her foreign trade on ambitious lines.

Remember, too, that the German recovery commenced one year after the return to gold (after the stabilisation of the mark). This country returned to the gold standard at the beginning of 1925 and I have not seen definite signs yet of the trade recovery, although conditions in the basic industries are now better, I admit, than they were a year ago.

INDUSTRY'S FINANCIAL ILLS.

WHAT really is wrong with British industry? I should say primarily financial weakness resulting from over-capitalisation and the consequent inability to obtain fresh credits while that disability existed. I cannot believe that our industries are inherently unsound.

Indeed, the Balfour Committee does not believe that any of the principal basic industries of this country have been so weakened, even by the long depression, as not to have the power within themselves to take the first measures towards their own regeneration. One favourable aspect of the situation is that the fall in wholesale prices during the last five years has been more marked in Britain than in other industrial countries. Economic conditions in industry will, therefore, improve as competitive foreign prices get nearer to the British level.

RATIONALISATION is urged as one of the remedies for industry's ills. It is being encouraged, I believe, in Germany; but in this country the process of rationalisation has not proceeded so rapidly as in some Continental countries. Rationalisation is not concerned so much with the modernisation of plant and equipment on a large scale as with the co-ordination of production, involving the scrapping of inefficient and surplus plant.

That being so, there must, of course, be a temporary displacement of labour in the early stages of the process. It might not be thought expedient, therefore, to adopt rationalisation until the labour situation had improved.

Exponents of rationalisation take the view that it would increase the use and consumption of commodities as a result of lower production costs and eventually offer greater employment to labour. Myself, I believe that rationalisation of industry could only be effected under better and more active trade conditions, and, in any case, with the co-operation of the trade unions.

NEW MARKETS.

WITH the reconditioning of industry, the problem of finding new outlets for our production will become more pressing than ever. In the Empire there is a vast undeveloped domain for British goods. Our trade rivals recognise that, judging from the efforts to gain a firmer footing in our colonial markets.

Empire trade has been one of importance to this country and a feature of our overseas commerce has been the steady rise in exports to British possessions. In 1913 the proportion to total exports was 37 per cent. and in the last three years it has averaged 44 per cent. Rather than waste our efforts in attempting to penetrate European countries surrounded by high tariff-barriers it is better that we should look to our own Dominions as the potential customers for our increased production.

Britain's largest customers in the Empire are India, Australia and the Irish Free State. South Africa follow and then Canada. But when the monetary value of the exports are examined we find that the £88 millions exported to India work out at only 5s. 7d. per head of population, the £59 millions to Australia at £9 9s. 3d. per head, South Africa's £31 millions at £3 18s. per head, and Canada's £30 millions at £3 3s. Last year New Zealand imported £19 millions of British goods, equal to £13 4s. per head of population.

These figures are interesting and indicate that India, at least, could absorb more British goods. Canada is a good customer to her neighbour, the United States, which sells to her something like fifteen million tons of American coal every year. Welsh collieries, I happen to know, have been anxious to secure that trade, and claim that the cost to the Dominion would be less on account of the cheaper sea freights as compared with the American long rail hauls.

I have before me a report on the overseas trade of the United States from which I notice that that country's best customer is Great Britain and the next best Canada. This country, of course, draws upon the U.S.A. largely for raw cotton, petrol and other oil products, grain and tobacco. Britain and Canada together account for just over one-third of the exports of the U.S.A., chiefly consisting of essential raw materials.

But American manufacturers are realising the importance of newly developing countries as outlets for productive machinery. Hence as the pressure of mass-production compels them to seek fresh markets for surplus output they logically turn to these areas as offering the greatest scope for development. Doubtless the same views are held in Germany and other competitive countries. British industry cannot afford to lag behind.

A. G. WALSH.